

THE  
LADIES' MUSEUM.

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DECEMBER, 1829.

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DR. DODDRIDGE.

ASSURED by the wisest of mankind that there is a time and place for all things, we have never imagined that every subject was suited to the "Ladies Museum." Those abstruse inquiries which are at once important and serious, we have abandoned to those among our cotemporaries who profess to discuss such weighty matters, and have concerned ourselves only about those lighter graces of literature which are calculated to instruct through the medium of amusement. The "gentle tale," and the stanzas "made to a lady's eyebrow," form the most attractive articles in our bill of entertainment; and although our present number is embellished with the portrait of a "grave divine," we trust our fair readers will not suppose that we are about to read them a homily upon devotion. Dr. Doddridge was a pious man, but he knew that life could not all be spent in prayer, and therefore frequently indulged in the discussion of other subjects than those of religion. Our brief notice last month of his "Diary and Correspondence" must, we imagine, have excited in our readers a strong desire to become more intimately acquainted with the history of his private conduct, and we are greatly mistaken if the details we are about to give do not prove singularly interesting. The work from which we draw our information consists of letters and a diary. The last is extremely valuable, but far less curious than his epistles. Hitherto Dr. Doddridge has been considered as a learned divine, but in future he must be regarded as one of the most elegant letter-writers England has ever produced: he has all the grace and ease of the French school, without losing sight of that manly sense which characterizes Englishmen. In his manner of paying a compliment he excels Voiture, and his gallantry is always conspicuous, but never offensive: his sentiments breathe the purest morality; and the gaiety of his heart is perpetually breaking through the restraints of his profession. The tenderness, affection, and sensibility, discovered in his correspondence, hardly do him less honour than his profound theological knowledge. "I confess [myself] not content," says his great grandson, who edits the work, "with the reputation he has acquired as a theologian, and [am] anxious that he should be better known

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as a man ; that the perfect Catholicism of his spirit should be apparent, and that the joyous urbanity of his disposition should be manifest. The gaiety of expression," he elsewhere says, "in certain letters I have indeed been told may with some persons be a source of offence ; and should it prove so, I can only say that I wish them warmer hearts, and sounder heads."

Dr. Philip Doddridge was descended from an ancient and respectable family, and was educated in the principles of the non-conformists. At an early age he lost his parents, and soon after was deprived of all pecuniary resources by the failure of his guardian, in whose hands had been deposited the whole of his little patrimony. His piety sustained him on this occasion, and, in accordance with his devotional habits, he applied to Dr. Calamy for advice respecting his intention of devoting himself to the ministry. That the young suppliant, who doubtless pleaded his cause with all the fervency of ardent piety, and the persuasive energy of conscious though humble desert, should meet with so decided a negative, must appear strange ; and the more so, when we remember that Dr. Calamy, a man of learning and benevolent spirit, well knew the pious stock from whence he sprung, and the advantages he had already enjoyed. In truth, only one satisfactory idea presents itself as a solution of the mystery, and this originates in the extreme delicacy of Mr. Doddridge's constitution, which at this period was evinced by a tall and singularly slender form, combined with that languid fulness of the eye and mantling flush upon the cheek, which are too frequently the heralds of premature dissolution. In such a view, indications of superior mental power, in a body of so fragile a mould, might be considered but the fearful omens of approaching fate ; and Dr. Calamy, in dissuading him from the ministry, was consequently actuated merely by the hope of preserving the youthful candidate from the toils and anxieties of a profession, to which his strength appeared unequal.

The profession of the law next presented itself to his attention, but the desire to enter the church was too strong to be shaken by very flattering prospects : a few pious friends arose to forward his motives, and in 1719 he entered a dissenting academy established at Kibworth, in Leicestershire, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Jennings. He was now only seventeen, yet in about eighteen months after this time we find him writing letters, abounding in literary beauties and epistolary elegance. Those to ladies are filled with a chaste gallantry and an exuberance of spirit. In writing to Miss Hannah Clark, whom, according to the prevailing

usage of the time he styles Mrs. Clark, he says:—"I am extremely concerned that I was so unfortunate as to offend you in my last. I profess I took you for one of the gayest creatures in the world, but you tell me I was quite mistaken; and intimate, that if I would hope for the happiness of pleasing you for the future, I must put on a more melancholy air. Well, madam, you must forgive me this one time; and, in order to render you all the satisfaction that lies in my power, I openly recant every thing I said that is in the least injurious to your solemnity, and declare to the whole world, if you choose to show them my letter, that I honour you as a lady of the most exemplary gravity; and, to conform my writing the more entirely to your taste, I will go on in the most sermonical manner imaginable. As for instance,

"The discourse that lies before us will naturally divide itself into these two general heads:

"I. An answer to the last letter with which you were pleased to favour me.

"II. A word of information relating to some particulars of which I would not have you ignorant, and of which, perhaps, you may not hear from another hand. Of these in their order,

"I. An answer to your last letter. And this, madam, must be subdivided into three heads; which, as a help to memory, I shall comprehend under these three expressive, though I confess not very elegant, words, Vindication, Deprecation, and Thanksgiving.

"1. I am to vindicate myself from some accusations of a very high and important nature, which you in your wisdom have brought against me, and they are two.

"(1.) That I have made a false citation from your former letter. Your words there being 'you charge me with an expression that I do not remember I ever made use of, that if all men had your sincerity, I should be happy.' Now, madam, I must confess that the words are a little altered, but I believe that you yourself will acknowledge they amount to the same thing. In order to clear up this important point, we will have recourse to the original itself. Among a thousand other obliging things in that charming letter of the second of December you have written these words, 'I cannot find much satisfaction in the company of men, because they are such deceitful creatures; but if they were all like you, I should be happy.' Now, (not to mention the connexion or context, which undoubtedly determine the words to the sense I have put upon them,) I am sure you must mean their being like me in sincerity; because I believe it to be the only

part of my character which it would be worth their while to imitate.

"The next accusation is of a more important nature. 'You say that the insincerity of the men is partly owing to the folly of the ladies, who spend more time in adorning their bodies than in embellishing their minds; and this, I suppose, you meant as a reflection upon me.' And now, Clio, as a preacher ought to do, I will put this matter to your conscience. Do you really suppose this? Do you suppose I could have so much stupidity as to think it, or so much imprudence as to say it? or is there any thing in the neighbourhood of this wicked sentence that could leave room for a suspicion of this nature? No, unless my memory entirely fail me, I need only appeal to the very next word to convince you that, if I may presume to use so bold an expression, you have done me wrong. But though I must confess that I think you have treated me a little unkindly in this last insinuation, yet I tremble at the thoughts of losing your correspondence, and, consequently,

"2. I am extremely shocked with the conclusion of your letter: 'When I have a particular favourite, I will let you know; till then I am yours, Clio.' Till then, Clio, and no longer! alas, I used to please myself with the prospect of a friend for life; and it has often been an agreeable amusement to me to think what an alteration there will be in the course of our style and our way of thinking, when we come to write ourselves Clio and Hortensius in spectacles; and here you have limited our correspondence to a few months; for I am sure that must be its utmost extent if it is to stand upon that footing. Is there any thing suspicious in such a platonic affection as ours, that you imagine your future husband will be offended? Pray, tell him, that my share in your friendship is one of the dearest things I have in the world, and that I will never give it up; but shall expect to call you Clio when I cannot call you Clark.

"3. And now, madam, having dispatched the two former heads, I will proceed to the thanksgiving. And here again I shall proceed methodically, according to your example.

"(1.) I am extremely obliged to you for being so good as to say, that for my sake and that of some other persons, whom you do not name, you shall have a better opinion of our sex than you formerly had. This, madam, soothes my vanity in the most agreeable manner. It is so fine a compliment, that I cannot tell how to answer it, unless it be in the old orthodox form, which is



a ready answer to any compliment, 'that it is more your goodness than any desert of mine.' It is in consequence of the same generous nature that you add,

"(2.) That you forgive me the imaginary affront, which you mentioned above, before I have an opportunity of asking your pardon. I hope, madam, you are already convinced that I am perfectly innocent, and so will give me leave to lay up your pardon till the next time I am so unhappy as to offend you.

"(3.) Madam, I have to thank you for my frank ; but hope you will answer this without staying for another. I trust this will come by the penny post: if it does not, it will not come at all."

Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Farrington were two young ladies with whom he occasionally corresponded: they were connected with his family: he playfully calls them aunt and mamma, terms of endearment which they encouraged when he was only a boy. Writing to Miss Farrington, in 1721, he says—"I was extremely pleased with the verses, which are not only fine in themselves, but perfectly agreeable to my way of thinking. I suppose, madam, I need not say that I think myself very much obliged to you for the favour of transcribing them. There is something so soft and harmonious in them, that I cannot but believe they were written by a lady; and perhaps, if I knew the author, I should value them still more. You ask what I can say in answer to them as to my own personal character and merit, that may deserve such a delightful fate: I profess nothing at all, but that I should acknowledge her charms, and love her as I ought; for, to talk gravely, which perhaps is something more than I should venture to do upon such an occasion; when I consider my person, my fortune, my temper, and my profession, I am ready to imagine I was cut out for a violent lover, but not for a husband. Nothing but a very agreeable woman will do; and the question is, whether she may not expect a very agreeable man! and I profess this is a very considerable affliction. I own it to you, madam, as my best mamma, that I am ready to imagine that love is interwoven in my constitution; and though my relations at Bethnal Green have a very large share in my affection, yet one of the most spacious rooms of my heart is empty; and it was, therefore, madam, that I preferred myself to you to get me a tenant. For really, madam, I am convinced that when your humble servant happens to be in love—which, in the course of nature, must be pretty quickly, for he is almost twenty—he will make but a ridiculous figure at best; and consequently I put you upon getting me a mistress in or near London; not only because I know

she will be well selected, but because, being at a considerable distance, she will not be in so much danger of proving a hindrance to my studies, which, shall I say, next to a lady, lie nearest my heart."

Again in another letter—"And now, madam, as for your perplexing sex, I hope you will not be offended, if I acknowledge that I am not entirely of your opinion; you have often heard me rattle about them, but now I will confess my sentiments very gravely. I profess, notwithstanding all the graceless things I have said about them, that I look upon an agreeable woman as the most amiable part of the creation, and I believe nobody will dispute the opinion when I have defined my terms, and told them what I comprehend under that character. I must confess that I am not utterly insensible of the charms of beauty; but such external trifles are only the amusement of a few hours, and as soon as they grow familiar, cease to fascinate. My agreeable woman! must have gaiety and good address, a polite education, and a tender temper, and all this under the regulation of unaffected piety. Such creatures as these might be almost said to hold a rank between men and angels; but, to speak soberly, I am confident their conversation is a most improving, as well as a most delightful, entertainment.

"I acknowledge and lament that such ladies are seldom to be met with, and that too many of the sex are as empty and as worthless as the generality of our own. I have, however, been so happy as to find one of them at Kibworth, and could discover two more at Bethnal Green, and am so fond of these dear creatures that I could prattle on till I had quite tired you; indeed I am afraid I have done it already."

The lady at Kibworth was the daughter of a dissenting minister. In a letter to Miss Clark, dated October, 1722, he writes: "I must certainly look very odd when I tell you that I have been in a great deal of danger of falling most violently in love. The other day I accidentally met with a young lady about my own age, of the most agreeable person. She has wit, is perfectly well-bred, and then she has something so soft and innocent in her air that—if I say any more about her, I shall talk nonsense. Well, I cannot deny but that I was charmed with her: for a few days she was the darling object of my thoughts; and, shall I confess it? every thing but Clio was forgotten. Yes, Clio was still remembered with an equal, or perhaps with a superior tenderness! Nay, by a most wonderful effort of wisdom and philosophy, which I hope you will admire as much as I do, friendship is en-

tirely victorious over love, and Clio still the darling of my heart!"

In the following December he is more explicit, and openly declares himself in—love.

In due time he was appointed to preside over a congregation, and purposed lodging in the house of a Mr. Freeman, whose daughter, Kitty, could not escape such discerning eyes as those possessed by the young minister. "She has," he writes to his brother, "an agreeable person, a charming temper, and a great deal of natural good sense, which she has very much improved both by reading and conversation. I do not know that you have ever heard of her, but she is well known to my sister by the name of my *pretty pupil*."

His parishioners were not the most enlightened people. "I am now," he says, "removed from Hinckley and settled amongst my people at Kibworth. It is one of the most unpolite congregations I ever knew; consisting almost entirely of farmers, and graziers, with their subaltern officers. I have not so much as a tea-table in my whole diocess, although above eight miles in extent, and but one hoop-petticoat within the whole circuit. With the dear girl who inhabits that magical circle I may, perhaps, grow better acquainted; she is now in London, and I doubt not but that obscure region is enlightened by her charms. I live here just like a hermit; and, were it not for talking to the cattle, admiring the poultry, and preaching twice every Sunday, I should certainly lose the use of the organs of speech.

"You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. I am roused in the morning with the chirping of sparrows, the cooing of pigeons, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and, to complete the concert, the grunting of swine, and neighing of horses. We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine arbour under some tall, shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of the great city, you may perhaps catch a glimmering idea, if I name the cupola of St. Paul's. And then, on the other side of the house, there is a large space which we call a wilderness, and which, I fancy, would please you extremely. The ground is a dainty green sward; a brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fish-ponds at one end; both the ponds and the brook are surrounded with willows: and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows interspersed at convenient distances. This is the nursery of our lambs and calves, with whom I have the honour to be intimately acquainted.



Here I generally spend the evening, and pay my respects to the setting sun ; when the variety and the beauty of the prospect inspire a pleasure that I know not how to express. I am sometimes so transported with these inanimate beauties, that I fancy that I am like Adam in Paradise ; and it is my only misfortune, that I want an Eve, and have none but the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, for my companions.

“ In this solitary disconsolate condition, I may very possibly spend the remainder of my days ; for some late accidents have made it very uncertain whether I shall ever associate with that agreeable young lady whom I formerly mentioned, and to whom you fancy I have some very silly engagements. To tell you the plain truth of the matter, I am ready to believe that her father has some suspicions of that nature, and is not willing to expose me to greater temptation. But I give you my word for the fact, that both you and he are wretchedly mistaken. I confess that I look upon Miss Kitty, for that is her true name, though for convenience we will call her Theodosia, as one of the most agreeable girls I have met with in this country, and I will assure you, that since I began to preach, I have met with many. In my sober judgment, I approve and admire her ; and, to give her the highest encomium that can be bestowed upon any woman in the world, she is incomparably fit to be a minister’s wife ; and, if I were settled in a place of a hundred pounds a year, or had a handsome estate of my own, I will tell you, what I never told her, that I should be entirely at her service. But the case at present is quite otherwise. I am fixed with a people that cannot raise me above forty pounds a year, which is abundantly too little to carry double ; and though it is very probable that she will be a good fortune in time, yet she will not have above five hundred paid down, and if we should begin upon these terms, I do not know but that we might be exposed to a great deal of care and trouble, which, of all things in the world, I have a mortal aversion to : and to ask her to stay till her old uncle dies, or till an estate drops to me out of the clouds, would be a sort of raillery that a brisk, warm girl turned of twenty-one would not care to understand.”

In another letter he proceeds : “ You must know then, my dear brother, and I certainly write it with a very penitent air, that neither my head nor my heart are entirely my own ; but that the charming girl, who appeared only attractive at a distance, is now acknowledged to be absolutely irresistible. I am attacking her with a great deal of vigour, and am so fond as to hope that it is with some little success. She is, indeed, a very formidable



creature, and has turned the head, or broken the heart of some of the most clever men in the neighbourhood, and is particularly famous for the destruction of young ministers.

"I dare not presume to say that I have made this important conquest; but I would hope I am at least in the way to achieve it. She hears me with a great deal of patience, and frankly acknowledges that I have a very moving way of pleading my cause; a few evenings ago, after I had been running through a train of rapturous impertinence, she told me, with a blush and a smile, which gave a new grace to her beauty, that she did not know, but that it might be best for us both, that she should spend the winter in London.

"I need not tell you, that I have not the least thought of marrying while I stay at Kibworth. But since such a prize is put into my hands, how can I answer it to my own conscience, if I should neglect the opportunity?

"You will certainly fancy that I am talking in my sleep; but, if it be so, really my whole life is a dream. I do not know but that one of these days I may send you a whole folio upon the subject, in which I shall endeavour to demonstrate by incontestable arguments that I am gifted with an abundance of discretion. I question not but that I shall ultimately receive your approbation; for which, I assure you, I am very solicitous. All, however, that I can hope for at present is, that you will suspend your censure, and believe that I always act upon these two favourite maxims, that study is to be the business of a minister's life, and love only the amusement of a few idle moments; and that the most agreeable woman in the world would lose both her beauty and her good nature, if she had nothing to subsist upon but compliments and kisses."

His resolutions of prudence, as might be expected, speedily gave way before the beauty of Miss Kitty, and in a few months we find him exerting his eloquence to describe the perfections of his mistress: at one time she was an incarnate angel—at another, a butterfly, but without "gold on her wings." But "the course of true love never did run smooth;" "a word unkindly spoken" in such cases does a world of mischief, and in addition to the provoking gaiety of his disposition, which led him to pay compliments to every "hoop" he encountered, Miss Kitty happened to be somewhat of a coquette; if he made her jealous, she tormented him. On the 4th of June, 1725, he writes to her—"I have so little opportunity of conversing with you alone, that I am forced to take this method of expressing my concern, and in-

deed my amazement, at what has just passed between us. I know you to be a lady of admirable good sense, and I wish you would find out the consistency of your behaviour yesterday and to-day. Yesterday you expressly assured me you loved me as well as I did you, which you know is to a very uncommon degree; and that it grieved you, that you had given me so much uneasiness, adding, you would take care to avoid it for the time to come. To-day you have been telling me you could not bear the thought of not being so rich as your sister; that you do not know why you may not expect a good man, with a good estate!

"I leave you to judge whether it be possible I should hear this remark without uneasiness. And, if it be not, whether it were fit for you to make it. Consider, madam, I am a rational creature; and though too much transported with love, yet, blessed be God, not absolutely distracted! How then do you imagine I can put any confidence in the assurances you give me of your love, when you are so continually contradicting them? For do you not contradict them when you talk of discarding me for the sake of money?"

This was alarming, but the breach was closed and again opened. At the distance of less than three months we find him on his knees, begging of her not to put so very unjust a construction as she had hitherto done upon those *little freedoms with other people* to which his temper inclined him, and assuring her that he would be the best husband alive. "But," he continues, "if on the other hand, you cannot reconcile yourself to my temper, nor be happy in me as a husband; if you still continue to suspect the reality of my love after the demonstration I have given you of its sincerity, and your heart be indeed alienated from me, as I have seen great cause of late to suspect it is, I then desire one further declaration of it; for I own I see so many charms in your person and character, that I dare not continue to converse any longer with you, but am come to a resolution to remove next Thursday, and to give myself up entirely to the pleasures of friendship, of study, and of devotion."

Miss Kitty was not altogether inexorable; but their frequent quarrels induced her parents to think that there was no great prospect of marriage, and accordingly intimated to the doctor that they thought he might find it convenient to seek other lodgings. "Kitty and I," he says, in a letter to Mr. Clark, "parted on very good terms. I have often visited her since; and I verily believe this separation will rather serve than prejudice my design with relation to her. I think I have not the least

reason to doubt the sincerity of her love ; and as for her parents, their behaviour is far more obliging than it ever was ; and I do verily believe, that before Lady-day they will desire me to return into the family again."

They again met, quarrelled, and the following characteristic letter will tell the remainder :—

" TO MY BROTHER.

" March 10, A. D. 1726.

" *Restoration ! Peace !! and Liberty !!!*

" DEAR BROTHER—These few lines come to let you know that I am well ; and that I lost my mistress yesterday about twenty minutes after four in the afternoon ; and that I am

" Your very affectionate brother and servant,

" PHILIP DODDRIDGE."

The cause of separation is hinted at in a letter which he wrote the following week to Miss Kitty, and the facts incline us to think, notwithstanding his solemn protestations, that his mistress had reason to suspect his constancy, although at the same time we are convinced that he loved her with an ardent and manly affection. " In answer," he says, " to these important evidences of my love, you, madam, endeavour to justify your suspicion by appealing to the papers which fell into your hands, and insist upon my late indifference, and my readiness to take a dismissal from you, rather than to give up that trifle, as you are pleased to call it, which we are contending about.

" As for the papers, madam, I am far from accusing you of any failure of generosity in consulting them. I believe it is what almost any other woman in the world would have done, if she had been in your circumstances. I will very frankly confess, that what you met with in them might very reasonably give you some uneasiness ; but really, madam, I cannot apprehend that they could ever justify such a degree of suspicion as you have entertained. There are several very remarkable passages, which plainly prove I was once very fond of an excellent friend, whom I now love with as much sincerity and respect, though not with such wild and unmanly transports, and in whose daily conversation I discover the most beautiful evidences of good sense, good nature, and religion. But then, madam, you will please to recollect, that this childish fondness for her was some considerable time before I began to make my addresses to you ; and I was so little apprehensive that its knowledge would give you any offence that I very freely confessed it. I knew not one word of



your seeing my journal, and yet often diverted myself with talking of it; and when you have expressed some uneasy apprehensions upon this head, I have always declared, that my friendship to her never interfered with those distinguishing regards which I owed to you; and I now as seriously repeat the declaration, as I could do it with my dying breath.

"As for what you mention with relation to the young lady at Coventry, I am sure you must refer to a passage of the 3d of July; for that is the only time that I have been there since I began my addresses to you—I have written thus: 'This day I breakfasted at Mr. R's with three pretty ladies, whom, perhaps, I was ready to admire a little too much, especially Miss Rachael.' I confess this looks a little odd in the journal of a lover!—but you must consider, madam, that you had treated me very ill the night before I set out for that journey, and plainly intimated that you were resolved to dismiss me."

They were now mutually unhappy, and Miss Freeman proceeded to justify herself by covering him with reproaches. We learn this from one of his letters to Miss Clark. "I told you," he says, "in my last that I had lost my mistress. But what would you say if I should now add, that she upbraids me as one of the basest and most inhuman of men, and insinuates her complaints not only through our own congregation, but the whole neighbourhood. I have not time now to tell you my story at large. This only I must tell you in general, that I have the testimony of my own conscience in the sight of God, that I have acted with the utmost integrity, nay, with the tenderest affection towards her, and that my case is so plain, that I have never yet met with a single person who does not acquit me upon hearing it: my only grief is, that she exposes herself—for, I bless God, my character is too well established among those who are intimately acquainted with me to be easily overthrown by her passionate accusations. My crime, in short, is this:—When I had borne with the most unreasonable jealousy, and the most tumultuous passion for several months together; when she had been declaring to me about five hundred times that she was confident she should be one of the most unhappy creatures upon earth with a man of my temper, and had been earnestly entreating, as the greatest evidence of my friendship to her, that I would trouble her with no more addresses of courtship, I did at last comply with her importunity, and consented to quit the pursuit. This was not till she had taken upon herself to prescribe what company I should keep; and had expressly forbidden me,



upon pain of her highest displeasure, to keep up any further correspondence with some of the dearest of my friends, though she acknowledged I am under very high obligations to them, and that they have very few equals in religion, good sense, and politeness, even in the female world."

To redeem his own character and silence his accuser he addressed to her a letter abounding with gentle remonstrances and pious reflections; but Miss Kitty was not disturbed by it; for she determined to bestow her hand upon his rival. The intelligence filled him with grief: all his former love returned; and he could not refrain from sending her a letter indicative of the pain he felt. It had, however, no effect: she became the wife of another, and the young divine consoled himself with the smiles of other ladies quite as handsome, and far less capricious.

At this epoch of the doctor's life the two first volumes—all that is as yet published—terminates; but we learn, from other sources, that he subsequently followed the example of his former mistress, and married another.

We have thus pursued the "story of his love," even "from his boyish days" to that period where all good comedies conclude; and when the next two volumes appear, perhaps we may be tempted to return to the "Letters and Diary of Dr. Philip Doddridge."

#### THE ROSE OF THE DESERT.

'Tis the Rose of the Desert  
So lonely, so wild,  
On the green leaf of freedom  
Its infancy smiled,  
In the languish of beauty  
It buds o'er the thorn,  
And its leaves are all wet  
With the bright tears of morn.

Yet, 'tis better, thou fair one,  
To dwell thus alone,  
Than recline on a bosom  
Less pure than thy own;  
Thy form is too lovely  
To be torn from its stem,  
And thy breath is too sweet  
For the children of men.

Bloom on then in secret,  
Sweet child of the waste,  
Where no lip of profaner  
Thy fragrance shall taste;  
Bloom on where no footstep  
Unhallowed hath trod,  
And give all thy blushes  
And sweets to thy God!

## BEAUTIFUL CREATIONS.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;  
Essentially immortal, they create  
And multiply in us a brighter ray,  
And more beloved existence.—Byron.

THEY consecrate my dreams ! their hair of light,  
And eyes divine with being on me shine ;  
I muse where minstrel-birds their songs unite,  
And violets make the woods their vernal shrine ;  
Amid the hush of old religious trees,  
To which the streams bequeath their cadences.

Julie\*—celestial vision of a heart  
That found its Eden in the starry night ;  
When skies and mountains formed a glorious part  
Of thoughts instinct with meditative light !  
Thou wert an angel-lure—the spell that kept  
A gentle magic as the sophist wept.

Ianthe†—spirit of a deathless lay—  
The pride of Poesy's enchanted leaves !  
O'er thy sweet girlhood shone a tranquil ray,  
Mild as the heaven that beams on summer eves.  
My heart shall commune with thee when the waves  
With elfin music charm their lonely caves.

Theresa‡—beauteous as the vesper-star  
Glimpsing in silver glory through the trees ;—  
When the sad exile fled away and far  
From the sweet gush of Europe's southern seas,  
He wept thine early fate—oh, maid forgiven,  
What deathless hope entwined thy youth to heaven !

And Laodamia,§ thine shall be a home  
Where the day wasteth with a sunny glow ;  
O'er violet-tufts thy noiseless feet shall roam,  
And, on the wind, thy gleaming tresses flow.  
A child of mead and stream, with all the hue  
Of woman imaged in thine eye of blue.

Alethe||—spotles as the virgin flowers  
That hung their bells where thou didst walk and weep ;  
Come to me—when, amid his gorgeous bowers,  
The radiant sun sinks downward into sleep ;  
And haunt me with the light of those dear eyes  
That pleaded for thy young life's sacrifice.

Sweet phantoms of my dreams ! your shrine shall be  
With memories that decay not ;—to my heart  
Ye shall bequeath your immortality,  
And cleanse and purify its darkest part !  
In sacred places I will dwell with ye,  
And inspiration there shall hallow me.

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

\* Rousseau's 'Julie.'

† Byron's 'Ianthe.'

‡ Vide Hemans' 'Forest Sanctuary.'

§ Wordsworth's 'Laodamia.'

|| Vide 'The Epicurean.'

## GENTLEMAN BROWN.

*By the Author of "Tales of Irish Life."*

'Tis true they are a lawless brood,  
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood—  
 But open speech, and ready hand,  
 Obedience to their chief's command;  
 A soul for every enterprize,  
 That never sees with terror's eyes;  
 Friendship for each, and faith to all,  
 And vengeance vowed for those who fall,  
 Have made them fitting instruments  
 For more than e'en my own intents.—*Byron.*

A SHRILL blast from the sentinel's horn startled the dull silence which reigned in the castle of Baldwinstown, but the drowsy inmates heeded it not, and the lazy watchman had to descend from his aerial abode, which projected from the side of the fortress, and toll the massy bell, before he could apprize them of approaching danger. His efforts succeeded, and, in a few moments, the hall and bawn resounded with the noise of arms, as the attendants eagerly drew their weapons from the racks and rests where they reposed. Stephen Keating, the proprietor of the fortress, soon appeared upon the battlements to inquire the cause of the summons, but, before the warder could answer, his practised eye saw in the distant cloud of dust the evidence of a cavalcade from which danger might be apprehended. The perpetual tumult which characterized the times had rendered men familiar with sudden attacks, and as fighting was the business of Keating's vassals, they proceeded, quite unconcerned, to their respective stations, cursing the unmannerly foe that he did not wait till the effects of the last night's debauch had been overcome by balmy and restoring sleep.

The morning was full of summer; the sun was hardly indicated in the east, yet the mellow tints which harbinger her approach had imparted to the sky a luxurious and delightful aspect: nature seemed to repose beneath a golden canopy, and the incense of the earth appeared to ascend from fields and flowers with holy and calm delight. The castle of Baldwinstown, like most of the fortresses of the period, was romantically situated; the builder, in seeking security, had provided for the picturesque, and the dark and lonely ruins of this former strong-hold of the Irish-Saxon are now surrounded with all those accessories—water, rocks, trees, hills, and valleys—which give attraction to scenery. The rude and mailed defenders of the castle were not quite insensible to the influence of the morning, and the proprietor, conscious of the strength of the place, looked with delight upon the

large river that expanded into a lake, where it met the tide of St. George's Channel a little below the fortress. But still his eye was kept upon the cloud of dust which approached him, and as it ascended the high ground to the east of the castle, he distinctly saw that the cavalcade which occasioned it was most numerous. Its movements, however, were irregular, and his lip curled with contempt as he remarked that it wanted military regularity. This, however, according to the cautious warder, might be only a feint of the enemy, and he hinted, therefore, at the propriety of maintaining strict watch and vigilance.

His prudence, however, on the present occasion was not required, for presently a single horseman separated from his company, and galloped towards the well-manned battlements. His steed bore him proudly down the road, and the feather, as it floated above his crimson cap, intimated that he was bent on other pursuits than those appertaining to war. The coat of mail and heavy helmet were absent, and though a small sword hung at his side, there was about his movements, as he reined up his steed, a grace and a freedom which showed that he was made rather for dalliance in a lady's bower than for encountering the rough shock of hostile spears.

"As I live," said Stephen Keating, "it is my young cousin, Gentleman Brown;" and at the same instant the gay equestrian gallantly doffed his bonnet to the proud guardian of Baldwinstown, as he stood leaning over the battlement. "What mischance," continued Mr. Keating, "has placed the Knight of Mullrankin so early on horseback? By your colours I judge it is nothing very disastrous; but, by my troth, the fair Isabella will feel little obliged to you for quitting her side by cock-crow—and she, too, so recently a bride."

"You do me injustice, my brave cousin," replied Robert Brown, "the lady of my love heads this morning's cavalcade, and I believe you may distinguish her bay palfrey foremost amongst those who have gained the hill yonder."

"God deliver us," said the veteran of Baldwinstown, "an you speak truth, man! Well, I had prepared to receive you as became a real Englishman, but since you make war with such irresistible engines as beauteous dames, I must needs cry parley and admit the enemy. Down with the drawbridge, warder, and, ho! there! more fuel on the fire, and breakfast for a hundred guests."

"Double the number, good cousin," interrupted Mr. Brown, as he rode into the bawn, "or I fear some of my vassals must fast till they reach Castleboro."



"Castleboro! In God's name are you mad? The Furlanes have been always false, and the wild Irish hover about Mount Leinster."

"We have nothing to fear, brave cousin," answered Robert, "Forth and Bargie have nothing to dread from the mere Irish; and, besides, we are on an errand of piety. You must know that Isabella is indebted for many signal favours to the intercession of the blessed St. Laserian; indeed she attributes her recent escape from illness to his interposition, and agreeably to her vow then solemnly made she is now on her pilgrimage to his blessed shrine at Leighlin. She has been urged to this pious proceeding by a dream, and though I have, as you know, no great reason to relish the neighbourhood of Castleboro, I could not refuse a request under such circumstances, coming from the wife of my bosom—but here is the lady herself."

The sound of trumpet had already welcomed her presence, and by the aid of her squire she quickly sprung from the back of her palfrey. Her head-dress was surmounted by a rich plume of white and green feathers, which nodded as she curtsied to the Lord of Baldwinstown; and her loose mantle of dark blue velvet revealed her tall and graceful form, dressed in the simple but modest costume of the period. Her train was supported by two beautiful pages, and she was attended by half a dozen maidens, each of whom, any where but in the presence of their mistress, would command general homage. Their faces bore the Saxon character, round, rosy, and full of animation, rendered doubly pleasing by the brilliancy of those clear blue eyes which still give to the daughters of England and Germany such decided superiority over the less attractive beauties of other nations. Isabella herself had in her countenance enough of the *caste* to indicate her origin, but it bore those intellectual marks which add to the loveliness of the female face, and which are impressed upon it by a sense of high birth and intellectual culture. The proud Devereux was stamped upon her brow; but still there was about her a sweetness and gentleness which communicated an undefinable pleasure to all who looked upon her. The witchery of her presence was fully felt by Master Stephen Keating, as he clasped her shrinking hand in his iron grasp, and pointed to the hall where breakfast was already laid. This meal, in these times, was a substantial one; and delicate ladies felt themselves constrained to partake of cold roast beef and coarse bread. The architects of ancient dwellings were gallant enough to consider, in the structure of their edifices, the convenience of the ladies;

and to the sanctum of the sex were now conducted Isabella and her maidens, while her boisterous attendants were being "right joyously" entertained in the hall and bawn. Many a rude oath disturbed the repast, but it was soon concluded, and the cavalcade began to pass the river. The plunging of horses, the shouts of the vassals, and the carolling of the careless, created an animated din, which aroused from their slumbers the frightened inhabitants of the village, which then, as well as now, stood at the utmost elevation of the road.

Since their arrival at Baldwinstown a considerable accession had been made to the number of the pilgrims: in a spirit of chivalrous gallantry Master Stephen Keating, with his fair and blooming daughter, joined the cortége; and in their train came more than a hundred followers. All were well mounted, and all were disposed to gladness. Loud bursts of merriment now and then reached the ears of the fair Isabella from the rear, as she rode beside Miss Keating, at the head of the procession; and though her devotional feelings were more than usually solemn on this morning, the joyousness of the day and the gaiety of the company were continually assailing those holy thoughts which she had called up as well befitting the occasion.

The sun was high enough to throw their shadows before them by the time they reached Taghmon, and as they passed the boundaries of their native baronies, they involuntarily drew close together, the stragglers galloped up to the main body; and though there was no real apprehension of danger, they felt that they were about to approach the country of a people who detested their nation. Forth and Bargie comprise that district in the county of Wexford which intervenes between St. George's Channel and the mountain of Forth. It was, and indeed is still, inhabited exclusively by the descendants of the Saxons and Normans, who had been settled there from a very early period. Their isolated situation, and the peculiarity of their dialect, detached them from the "mere" Irish, and the land being parcelled out in the twelfth century to about a dozen adventurers, the feudal customs were introduced; though frequently cut off from all intercourse with the English pale, and continually threatened by the Irish tribes of Kavanagh and Kinsella, which inhabited the highlands to the north and west of this little territory, these baronies gallantly maintained their laws and allegiance for five centuries. In general they were at war with the Irish, but sometimes they purchased a brief peace by presents and treaties. The feudal owners of the soil lived, as has been al-

ready intimated, in stately, but sombre-looking, castles, and being few in number, they were all necessarily connected by frequent intermarriages. Their vassals were brave and prosperous, and Forth and Bargie at the present day form a complete contrast with every other district in the island; the people are independent and happy.

Though closely allied to each other, each family had a character peculiar to itself. The Devereux were "proud;" the Staffords were "stiff;" the Cheevers, being humorous, were called "laughing Cheevers;" but the politeness which ever distinguished the Browns of Mullrankin secured them the epithet of "gentleman." The Furlongs, who resided on the borders of the Irish territories, found it sometimes expedient to conciliate their neighbours, and their apparent inconstancy secured them an unenviable title; they were invariably known as "Valse Furlane."

Leighlin, to which the pilgrims were bound, lay within the Irish district, and as Gentleman Brown contemplated the danger to which he was exposing himself, he rejoiced that he was accompanied by so many brave and daring vassals. At Castleboro they purposed halting for the night, and this was to him another source of annoyance. The heir of that house had paid his addresses to Isabella; and it was supposed that the rude refusal of her father, Sir Nicholas Devereux, of Ballymageir, or "Valla Mayor," had tended to mortify his proud spirit. He was, however, the first cousin of the proprietor of Mullrankin, and though love might have left behind its sting, courtesy and kindred alike demanded an hospitable welcome.

The sun was declining by the time the boisterous pilgrims had come within a distinct view of those range of hills which separate the counties of Wexford and Carlow. Black Stairs looked particularly ominous, and Master Stephen Keating involuntarily blessed himself at the first sight of that natural strong-hold of Brian Mackahir, the chief of the Kavanaghs. The ladies, too, looked grave, and Isabella half regretted her having undertaken a pilgrimage which exposed her friends to so much danger. Her husband, however, smiled encouragingly upon her, and her squires laid their hands significantly upon their swords. "It is very well, lads," said Stephen Keating, "to carry rapiers, but the scabbard is the fittest place for such feeble instruments. If danger comes we must meet it, but let us not tempt it: these wild Irish are as hot as the blessed sun has been to-day, and are easily provoked. Had we our shirts of mail on I would not care



much, but as we have not let us speak them fair—soft words break no bones—and Brian Mackahir and I have met before; he is a notable gentleman, and perfectly well behaved.”

“And gallant, father?” queried his laughing daughter, as she averted her head on her aged sire.

“Ay, i'troth,” replied the guardian of Baldwinstown, “but not a fit lover, Beatrice, for ladies who require palfreys, and doves, and silken gear. Irish husbands cannot afford their dames these gay indulgences; their wives live on stolen preys, cows’ milk, and trefoil.”

“Delightful!” ejaculated Beatrice, in a spirit of contradiction, and all her gay handmaids laughed at the idea of Irish ladies feasting on trefoil. The attendant gallants joined in the merriment, and the spirit of good and joyous humour was kept up uninterruptedly until the high turrets of Castleboro peeped above the chesnut-wood which surrounded them. A squire was instantly despatched to apprize the lordly possessor that a procession of pilgrims was about to tax his hospitality, and Gentleman Brown proudly adjusted his cap, bore his features more loftily, and put his steed through various curvettings, as he approached the dwelling of his rival.

As the cavalcade turned the angle of the road they were met by the heir of Castleboro, and a numerous train, who joyfully bade them welcome. Young Furlong was more than usually courteous, and his fine form, as he stood forward to do the honours of his father’s house, was such as might justify a lady’s partiality. To Mr. Brown he bowed with studied politeness, with Isabella he was still more distant, but he taxed his gallantry to show respect to Beatrice. With graceful ease, on their arrival across the drawbridge in the bawn, she laid her hand upon his shoulder and sprung on the ground. The other damsels followed her example, and as many of the party as possible entered the castle. Here the elder Furlong bade them welcome, and introduced his good and fair cousins, respectively, to a gentleman who had only just arrived before them. The stranger was scarcely twenty-five, but his demeanour was grave and settled. His tall person was wrapped in a dark mantle trimmed with fur, and red mustachios did not diminish the manly beauty of a sanguine face lighted up with a pair of large blue eyes, the brilliancy of which was not impaired by any lowering shadow cast from ominous eye-brows. According to the well-known etiquette of the times, his name was neither given nor demanded.

Inconvenient as the apartments of the castle really were, the



company, with that good nature which ever accompanies good manners, soon contrived to make themselves happy. The "horn of joy" circulated freely amongst the vassals below the partition, and the ladies found in the stranger a most agreeable man. Beatrice was particularly entertained with his conversation, and although her father frowned once or twice upon her inquiring looks, she disregarded these indications of his displeasure, and continued to converse with the tall guest. The heir of Castleboro was also polite, and exerted himself successfully to promote the festivity of the evening.

None was there unhappy but Master Keating. "As I live, cousin," he whispered Robert Brown, "this stranger is allied to Mackahir; I saw him once, and never were two persons more alike: the tone of their voices is the same, but Kavanagh was dressed differently, and looked more sullen and gloomy."

"He is certainly Irish," said Gentleman Brown, "his mustachios tell us that; but then—what matter about him," and with a mental assurance of safety they resigned themselves to the merriment going forward.

Next morning the rising sun saw the procession on its way towards Scallogue-gap, and in a few hours it was seen winding its slow length up the rugged steep which leads to that picturesque defile. The heir of Castleboro acted as guide, and on the right of the ladies rode the tall stranger, on a black charger. In spite of Mr. Keating he contrived to get beside Beatrice, and that fair dame appeared by no means displeased with the anxiety he manifested for her company.

"Who will go forward," inquired the guardian of Baldwinstown, "to bespeak our free passage through the country of the Kavanaghs?"

"I'll take that commission on myself," replied Gentleman Brown.

"There is no occasion," said the tall stranger, "to trouble yourself with the message; I'll guarantee you safe conduct."

Beatrice looked inquiringly at him as he spoke, and Master Keating felt assured that he had been riding for the last half hour beside Brian Mackahir himself. Before he could insinuate his suspicions the pass was filled with armed men, and the neighbouring hills seemed to have given instant life to numerous warriors. They were nearly all mounted on dark horses, which bounded like goats down the mountain side, while the riders shouted terrifically and wildly as they displayed their agility by

mounting and dismounting like a troop of Astley's players, without the animals having slackened their speed.\*

This indication of hostility created some alarm among the noisy pilgrims; and while the females of the party looked fearful, the vassals crowded closely together. Beatrice alone appeared to enjoy the scene—there was something very picturesque in the sudden appearance of the Irish, and their saddleless horses and floating mantles served as accessories to heighten the effect of the view, which is here grand and solemn. "How animated!" she ejaculated.

"And can you admire the wild Irish?" asked the stranger.

"Why not?" inquired Beatrice; and as she turned to the stranger her eyes met those of her father. She was abashed by the severity of his look, and was about to divert the conversation into some other channel when Robert Brown commanded the procession to halt. "There is no occasion for apprehension," said the stranger—"here comes a band of mountaineers; I'll speak to them."

The persons alluded to had galloped forward to reconnoitre. Had not their presence inspired fear, they were well calculated to create considerable interest; their tall conical caps gave them an appearance of great altitude, and as they carried their spears above their heads, like Arabs when throwing the jareed, the wildness of their aspect was in perfect keeping with the savage wilderness from which they had so recently emerged. Chucking his bridle, the stranger advanced at the head of the procession, and throwing back his loose mantle revealed the close Irish dress, which admirably became his athletic and elegantly-formed figure. At his signal the mountaineers abandoned their cautious movements, and flew towards him: a word only could have passed when they disappeared, and in fifteen minutes the pass was clear; the surrounding hills appeared as solitary as they had been an hour before, when they seemed to repose in all the soberness of still life.

The stranger again folded his cloak about him, and resumed his place beside Beatrice. The pilgrims looked on him with evident suspicion, but they had gone too far to recede, and as usual, in these times, depended on good fortune, since prudence had abandoned them. Nothing, however, occurred during the re-

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\* This fact is recorded both by Cambrensis and that garrulous old chronicler, Sir John Froissart.

mainder of the journey to justify their fears, and about noon they reached the holy town of Leighlin. The tumultuous and boisterous character of the cavalcade now ceased, all assumed looks of a grave and sober aspect, and before Isabella proceeded to pay her devotions at the shrine of St. Laserian, the stranger politely stepped forward, and, alleging that he was under the necessity of departing, invited the pilgrims to honour Knocking with a visit on their return.

"Then," said Gentleman Brown, "we have been indebted to O'Kavanagh for useful protection this morning."

"The tribe," said the other, bowing, "call me Kavanagh, but strangers name me Brian Mackahir M'Arthur; you are welcome to give me which title you please. The rath is indifferently supplied with accommodation; if you choose to sojourn there for the night you shall be bade welcome. We have lost our possessions, but not the hospitality of our nation." So saying he withdrew, having first gallantly kissed his hand to Beatrice.

The devotions had been paid and the vows redeemed by an early hour, and when the procession had prepared to retrace its steps they were surrounded by an host of equestrian Irish, whose purpose it was difficult to determine. The Irish-Saxon vassals evinced considerable uneasiness, but a look from Master Keating repressed any notion of resistance they might have entertained.

The cavalcade soon set out from Leighlin, but whether as guests or prisoners it were difficult to decide. It was now preceded by half a dozen minstrels, who performed on that warlike instrument the bagpipe, and the sounds they sent forth were well suited to the wild and romantic character of the scenes through which it passed. In less than two hours they arrived at Knocking, the palace of the O'Kavanagh, and were received with every apparent demonstration of kindness. The contempt with which the Irish viewed armour and castles prevented the erection of fortresses within their territories; but as security was not studied in their houses they were much less inconvenient than the strong-holds of their neighbours. At Knocking, though the elegancies of life were in some measure excluded, there was not wanting that abundant superfluity which in these times atoned for the absence of those delicate excitements which add to modern enjoyment. The guests feasted sumptuously; the vassals pledged their neighbours deeply in cups of usquebaugh, and the bagpipes screeched most inharmoniously at the departure of the procession. At Scallogue-gap Kavanagh bade the party farewell, and it did not escape the vigilant eye of Master Keating

that the tall chief had whispered something in the ear of Beatrice which had the effect of casting a damp upon her spirits during the remainder of the journey. By riding rather hard the pilgrims reached home before twelve o'clock that night.

At daybreak the next morning but one a horseman galloped furiously across the plain which lay northward of Ballymageir, and hastily announced to the sentinel of the castle that Brown of Mullrankin desired instant admittance to Sir Nicholas Devereux. The drawbridge was quickly lowered, and in ten minutes the loud bell of the fortress, with "sullen roar," summoned the absent vassals to the presence of their lord. "To horse!" was the command of the knight, and before the dial had announced the hour of nine the whole province was up in arms. "An outrage," said Sir Nicholas, to the assembled chiefs, "has been committed on our neighbour last night, by a numerous and masqued enemy, who carried off my daughter." Then conquering the parental emotions, he continued, with vehemence, "The villains must be punished—the lady restored. What say you, friends?" Their answer was in the affirmative, and the shouts of war rang from hill to dale. That day and the following were spent in fruitless pursuit of the abductors, and it was not until their search proved unavailing that they thought of obtaining evidence respecting the party who had committed the outrage. It was proved by Robert Brown's vassals that they were Irish, or at least spoke Irish, and at once they came to the conclusion that Brian Mackahir was the villain who had carried off the lady. "No doubt of it," said Master Keating, "and I bless God that I had sense enough to guard with vigilance the rose of Baldwinstown. The Irish kerns could not find my castle undefended like that of cousin Brown. No, no, the man who guards rich treasures should keep strong boxes."

It was now determined to proclaim war in form against Kavanagh: his audacity was to be punished, and the lady restored to her friends. Such outrages were but too common, and it was now resolved by the Irish-Saxons to terrify their neighbours from such ungallant pursuits in future. The rules of Irish warfare did not oblige them to give open challenge to the foe, and from the constant hostility in which they lived it required but a few days to bring some six thousand vassals, well accoutred, into the field.

Intelligence of their preparation reached the ears of Kavanagh, and while he stood musing in the hall of his dwelling at Knocking, a female rushed into his presence, and fell at his feet. The even-



ing had far advanced, and the dim light permitted him only to see that she was of the first order of fine forms, and dressed in a costume which bespoke a woman of rank and an alien. "Fair dame," said Brian, raising her from the ground, "what means this distress—can I relieve you?"

Sensation had now returned, but the unhappy fugitive could only exclaim, "Save me—save me!" when she again drooped her head, which now rested on the chieftain's arm. "What! ho!" he cried, "without! lights!" but before he could be obeyed the heir of Castleboro darted into the hall. "Thanks, my friend," he exclaimed, almost breathless, "you have intercepted her flight."

"Her flight! who is she?"

"My mistress—I had almost said my wife. Don't you know her, Mackahir?" and at the instant the light of a torch fell upon the pallid, but still beautiful, features of Isabella Brown. She slowly opened her eyes, but when they met those of Furlong she screamed wildly, and sank again upon the chieftain's arm.

"What means all this?" asked Kavanagh. "This is the wife of your ally—your cousin."

"True; but she ought to have been mine; I loved her with a strong and disinterested passion—she returned my love, until the popinjay, the 'gentleman' of Mullrankin, insinuated himself into her father's favour, and I was rejected. But I am revenged; I have seized, with a strong hand, the prize, and will retain it. She is now and for ever mine!"

"Hold!" said the chieftain, pushing back Furlong, who stepped forward to seize Isabella; "this cannot be. The lady's husband has drank of my cup—she herself has claimed my protection; and with an O'Kavanagh these are religious obligations from which we never shrink. By St. Laurence! I honour you above all your nation, but my faith and gallantry are on this occasion opposed to your designs."

"What! and her friends in arms against you? is my alliance worth nothing? Shall the Furlongs be friends or foes?"

"Foes, if you desire it," answered Kavanagh, calmly. "This lady is now under my protection."

Furlong withdrew instantly, and Isabella was soon restored. She thanked the chieftain, with strong gratitude, for his timely protection, and related the story of her abduction. She had been carried into the mountains, and confided to the care of an ancient sybil, who was not proof against bribery. Her flight, however, did not escape the spies of Furlong; and he had nearly succeeded

in capturing her before she arrived at Knocking. She had hardly concluded, when a Saxon youth was introduced ; he wore a cap pressed close on his brow and ornamented with a feather ; his person was enveloped in a dark cloak, and the dust on his buskins indicated that he had travelled far. On seeing Isabella he started, and, releasing his mantle from its close folds, said, mournfully, in a soft voice, "It is too true ; Mackahir is as false as his enemies represent him." At the sound of the stranger's voice Isabella rushed forward, and in a moment was clasped in the embraces of her cousin, Beatrice Keating.

Actuated by strong feelings of friendship, and assured that Kavanagh was guiltless of the abduction, the timid Beatrice had assumed the male attire, and in disguise entered the territory of the Irish. She suspected Furlong, and hoping that Kavanagh might know something about his movement, she had privately sought his presence, her confidence in his honour being greatly strengthened by the recollection of his gallant attentions only a few days before. The explanation which now took place did not tend to diminish her good opinion of his qualities ; but when she urged the necessity of suspending hostilities by an immediate return to Baldwinstown, she encountered a positive refusal. "Your relatives," said the chieftain, with an expression of bitter pride, "have impugned my honour ; they have done me the favour to approach my territories ; and since they have gone to the trouble to arm, they must be indulged with the pleasure of a battle. To permit you to depart now would be construed into cowardice. Ladies, rest secure here to-night ; to-morrow you shall be delivered up to your friends."

Saying this he abruptly quitted their presence ; and that night Mount Leinster and Idrone shone brightly beneath the blaze of a thousand fires. These were the hostile signals which announced the approach of danger, and next morning the whole of the O'Kavanaghs were concentrated on the brow of the hill. The Irish-Saxons, in firm array, occupied the vale beneath, but at the first rush of the mountaineers they retired, skirmishing. The running fight continued till they reached Adamstown, on the banks of the Slaney ; and here Sir Nicholas Devereux, who commanded, ordered the men of Forth and Bargie to halt. The battle which ensued was resolutely contested, but the Irish prevailed, and on the side of their enemies fell thirty chiefs and several hundred vassals.\* Amongst the slain were Gentleman

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\* Holinshed, in his chronicle, p. 135, gives an account of this battle. His description of Brian Mackahir is quite romantic.

Brown and the heir of Castleboro, who had that morning joined the standard of his countrymen.

Isabella and her fair cousin were quickly restored to their friends, but Mullrankin was now a place of desolation, and the lady of the castle hid herself and her sorrows in a convent. Brian Mackahir soon after enlisted in the cause of Queen Elizabeth, and did good service in Munster under Sir George Carew. His loyalty probably recommended him to the guardian of Baldwinstown, for we find him soon after leading Beatrice to the altar. The Kavanaghs of Burrows are their descendants.

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TO AGNES T——.

WHY dost thou wander here sweet innocent?

Thou know'st not what a life of guilt and care

Thou'rt entered on:—to sin—and to repent—

Then reckless sin again, from wild despair,

Is the sad fate of mortal man; then why

Here art thou wandering, such danger nigh?

I never see one entering on the path

Of human life and misery, (with a brow

Bearing Hope's radiant mark, and crowned with faith

In all her splendid promises and glow,)

With all the ardency of buoyant days,

Nor dreaming e'er that she withdraws her rays.

Whene'er I gaze on such a one, I throw

My thoughts far down amid the vale of tears,

And suffer time to pass with fancied flow,

To the far period of distant years,

Then look on him who in sweet childhood's hours,

I've seen with crowded hands of summer flowers.

And now, in fancy's page, I see a form

Of mouldering misery, which once was gay,

Now standing like a wreck amid the storm

Of boisterous life—a look of stern decay

And mournful feeling, o'er those features thrown;

Amid the world is he—yet cheerless and alone.

But thou, sweet babe, art of the gentler kind

Of human nature, and as such may'st thou

Avert the evils I have drawn; thy woman's mind

Could ill sustain such burden, and that brow

Of infant peace, so beautifully fair,

I scarce can think will e'er be stained with care.

O'er thy yet unrevealed destiny,

A mystic veil I'll draw, which will conceal

The future fate that is in store for thee,

And shade those mortal pangs which thou must feel.

May virtue hover near thee as a spell,

To heaven direct thee—innocent, farewell!

Nov. 14, 1829.

AGNES.

# ORIGIN OF DIFFERENT ARTICLES OF DRESS.

*Gloves and Muffs.*—The hosiers formerly were called *mitten-makers*, because they made mittens and gloves of various materials. The gloves sold only by glovers were those of leather or skin. The *mitten* was a species of gloves which were worn by men to cover the fore part of the arm; the use of which no longer exists in towns. *Mitten* comes from the Latin term *miles*, soft, because it was originally made of cat's-skin. *Gloves* comes from the Latin word *ragina*, a sheath. Females, since the reign of Francis I. in France, till that of Louis XIII. wore short gloves, worked at the back with gold stripes. Many articles of dress were first introduced from Italy, in the sixteenth century. *Muffs*, in French *manchons*, from the Italian word *mancia*, signifying a sleeve; a muff being a kind of half sleeve.

*Wigs.*—Formerly the word *peruque* or *wig* simply meant a head-dress in hair, and when it was intended to designate borrowed locks it was called a *false peruque*. Towards the end of the fifteenth century it was a common practice in France and Germany for the females to wear false hair; a proof of which may be found in the seventh sermon of Geiler of Kaisersberg in the "Ship of Fools." He quotes the adventure of a Parisian woman whose veil and peruque were snatched off her head by a monkey during a procession; and which trick discovered to the spectators that her hair was false. Adrian Turnèbe, who was born in 1512, and died in 1565, says, that the custom of ornamenting the head with false hair, lasted, at least among Frenchwomen, till the middle of the sixteenth century; and that, in preference to any other colour, the ladies were fond of going to court in flaxen wigs.

*Feathers.*—The use of feathers in the full dress of females, took place in the sixteenth century. Mary Stuart, the wife of Francis II. wore on a toque of black velvet a small white feather. In the centre of the cap of Elizabeth of Austria, the wife of Charles IX. was a bouquet, composed of the tips of four ostrich feathers; two of cherry-colour, one white, and the fourth, celestial-blue.

*Powder.*—Brantome tells us that Margaret de Valois, who was displeased at her hair being quite black, had recourse to every kind of artifice to soften its sombre colour. Louis XIV. did not like powder; however, at the end of his reign, he allowed a little to be put on his light-coloured wigs. During the regency, powder became very common.

*Perfumes.*—Neapolitan perfumers formed, and painted, in the



shape of birds, the bladders of carp, which they filled with scented gas. The slightest pressure caused the bladders to burst, and the air was embalmed with the perfume.

*Trains.*—The first dresses which had trains were clothes torn, as signs of mourning, which were worn at funerals. In imitation of these ragged habiliments, trains were invented; and according to the dignity of the deceased, the trains were longer or shorter. The use of these long trains, then denominated tails, at funerals, insensibly brought in the fashion of wearing them in other ceremonies. The annalist of the order of St. Francis, Lucas Waddinghus, remarks, that about the year 1435, Pope Eugene IV. gave to the monks of the Franciscan order the power of absolving those females who wore long trains; provided that they wore them more in compliance with the usages of the country in which they lived, than from any "evil intention." The *polonese*, once a very fashionable dress, about the middle, or rather the latter end of the eighteenth century, had the skirts drawn through the pocket-holes, so that the train hung out on each side, though tucked up; these *floating* portions were named *wings*, and the middle the train; but this train did not *train* at all. Several ladies murmured at no longer being able to wear a train.

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TO —.

IN the festive scene we met,  
 Yet hearts like thine and mine partook not  
 Aught of joy—our deep regret  
 Pleasure for a moment shook not.  
 Scarce a glance between us past,  
 Scarce was spoke a word of greeting,  
 We had *looked* and *loved* our last—  
 This was an unthought-of meeting.  
 Heedless, loved, and loving one!  
 Wert thou, of the gay throngs that round thee  
 Flitted on pleasure's pinion—none  
 Knew of the witching spell that bound thee.  
 The dark, deep languish of thine eye  
 Sought, and yet shunned, my gaze—expressing  
 Truth, that to me *was* agony,  
 Yet *should have been* my dearest blessing.  
 Methinks it would have eased my heart,  
 A transient joy to have seen thee borrow,  
 To have seen the gladsome scene impart  
 A gleam to cheer thy clouding sorrow.  
 Yet no—the deep gloom vanished not,  
 The gloom distrustful thought flung o'er thee,  
 Which, while it bade me curse my lot,  
 Bade my torn heart the more adore thee!

CHARLES M.

## THE FLOWER OF LLANGOLLEN.

AMY GRIFFITH was the fairest flower that graced the vale of Llangollen. Many a bright face and airy form had the crystal stream reflected, that ran dimpling before the cottage of her parents, yet none so faultless, none so fair as her's. Many a light and fairy foot had softly brushed the dewy heath, and pressed the green turf of Amy's native vale, yet never had the daisy's slender head arisen from so light a pressure as when Amy Griffith tripped over it. The violets that bloomed around her humble home seemed to smile more beautifully there, as if they had caught her blue eyes' heavenly ray; and the brier, which, wreathed with honey-suckles, twined around her trelliced porch, might have stolen its soft breath from Amy's lips, or left on them its kisses, without adding to their fragrance; while cheerful as the lay of the lark, that carolled above her cottage, was Amy's early morning song.

Many a loftier roof than that of Amy Griffith's parents rose in Llangollen, yet none contained so rich a treasure; none saw beneath it such happy parents and so dear a maid: she was their joy, their hope, their all. Happy in their love, happy in her own innocence, the source of happiness to all around her, Amy Griffith lived in blissful, enviable obscurity. Her guileless bosom was a stranger to woe; or if, perchance, another's suffering awoke a momentary sigh, or if misfortune's tears called forth in sympathy her own, that sigh, which ruffled for a time, subsiding, left her bosom in calmer purity, to more lively impressions of delight; and those tears, those precious drops of purity, when wiped away, gave to her blue eyes a heavenlier lustre, a brighter and more cheerful ray.

The transient pain her bosom knew was like the rude caress of the wild fly, when riding the rose of its sweet breath; a boisterous salute, which only serves to make the kisses of the next wanton gale seem softer still. Endeared to all the inmates of the vale by her virtues and her loveliness, Amy Griffith saw herself admired and beloved, while the simplicity of her heart kept her a stranger to the cause. The aged peasants saw with wonder and with pride the beauty and sweetness of the lovely cottager.

Few indeed were there who had not reason to bless her kindness. Were the labours of the fields toilsome to their age enfeebled limbs, Amy Griffith would share with them their toils, and lighten their labours with her songs. Did sickness or decay of nature confine them to their pallets, Amy Griffith was the first to "listen to their tale of symptoms." With her little basket laden

with the choicest productions of her garden, Amy was often seen tripping towards the house of sorrow—there, by her endearing attentions, soothing and supporting the sinking head of the sufferer, or pouring “oil and wine” into the wounds of conscience; dispelling the glooms of terror before the cheering beams of the gospel, and brightening the doubts and fears of penitence into “a sure and certain hope!”

The companions of her youthful joys, the virgin daughters of the vale, loved her too dearly to envy her transcendent superiority; while each fond mother breathed a prayer to heaven that her own plentyn\* might be, like Amy Griffith, the prop of her parents, the pride of her kin.

Many a wealthy peasant had sought to transplant the flower of Llangollen from the cottage of her birth to his own more spacious home; from the bosom of her parents to that of his eldest-born. Many a young cottager had sworn to love none other than the vale's fair flower; and adventurous had climbed the mountain's rugged steep that skirted the vale around, to lay at Amy's feet some beautiful kid that he had snared. Amy's gentle heart would chide him for robbing the mother of her young; but she would rear the trembling stranger, sooth it into confidence by caresses, and teach it to prefer the shelter of her paddock-shed before the bleak bare mountains of its birth; while the lover's sufficient reward would be to see his present tended with the greatest care by his soul's idolized mistress. Many a wild and impassioned song of nature and of love might Amy have heard in her praise; but she heard them not, she heeded them not, she turned from the language of their lays.

The song of *one* alone she loved—her praise from the lips of *one* sank like dearest melody upon her delighted ear.

Owen Glynn was the youth blessed with her esteem and preference. By preserving her life, he had commanded her gratitude; by his virtues he had won upon her esteem and respect. The tale of Amy Griffith's acknowledgments to Owen Glynn is short.

One of her favourite kids had proved faithless to its mistress, fled from her protection, and sought a distant mountain. Amy pursued the fugitive, and, nimbly climbing the rugged ascent, at length came near her ungrateful favourite, which, on hearing the well-known voice of its mistress, suffered itself to be attached, a willing captive, to her girdle. Descending with its mistress by the mountain's winding path, the impatient animal, springing

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\* Child.

suddenly forward, dragged the unwary Amy from her footing, precipitating her into a deep and rapid stream, which foamed like a cataract beneath. Few had been the days of Amy Griffith, short had been the blooming hour of the flower of Llangollen, had not a young hunter, who, with anxious and admiring attention, had watched the beautiful maid in her descent from the mountain-top, plunged into the stream, and at the hazard of his own life rescued the sinking beauty from destruction.

That youth was Owen Glynn. He conducted Amy to the cottage of her parents, calmed their anxious fears, and received their warmest thanks; but Amy's speaking eyes were his richest, his dearest reward. Often did the youth renew his visits to the cottage, and each succeeding one beheld him more enamoured, and more esteemed by her whose esteem was dearer to him than life. Often did he rove with the lovely cottager the enchanting scenes around her native vale; far more enchanting rendered by her presence. But the delightful hours of spring's smiling season are often sullied by the lingering frowns of winter. The lay of the lark is saddened by the dreary storm. The rose blooms but a while, the lily flourishes not for ever. Woe follows upon bliss, as certainly and as sadly as night on dying day. And thus the flower of Llangollen was doomed to droop.

Morgan, Owen Glynn's kinsman, had long noted with the eye of jealousy Amy Griffith's affection for the youth. Stung with the hatred of a base and grovelling soul, he caused the baron, Owen's father, to be apprized of his first-born's attachment for a peasant's offspring; heightening the tale with all the aggravating circumstances that malevolence could suggest. A creature of Morgan's conveyed the intelligence, and the wily plotter saw the success of his machinations answer his most sanguine hopes. That his eldest born should disgrace himself by an alliance with a peasant, was revolting to the feelings of the father. That the heir of Llangollen should sully his noble blood by a union with one of the meanest of his dependents, could not, even in thought, be a moment endured. The soul of the aged baron, high and impetuous, looked down, like his own time-blackened castle, upon the humble inmates of the vale, as the eagle, from his eyrie height, upon the peaceful dove.

Indignant that his favourite boy should, as his pride supposed, demean himself so unworthily his illustrious ancestry, the baron, having secretly made the necessary arrangements for an immediate departure, commanded his son to quit the home of his fathers for a distant land; and quit it, too, without a last farewell of her he loved. Owen knew too well the stern, unrelenting



disposition of his father to complain or demur. Distracted by conflicting passions, he left his father's hall, his native land, without a farewell of his Amy, and departed into comfortless exile.

Amy had scarce time to wonder at his ceasing to visit the cottage, when she heard that he had left the castle. She knew not what to think or fear; had he but bidden her adieu, she should not, she thought, have been unhappy. Yet did not the maiden repine, nor yet reproach his infidelity; and while pride forbade the tear to flow for one who had slighted and contemned her, love, pure devoted love, taught her to forgive him who had, she thought, proved so faithless, and so undeserving her regard.

Pale, languid, but resigned and unmurmuring, Amy strove to moderate her parents' grief. When their regret for her disappointment betrayed itself in tearful complaints or passionate bursts of indignation, "Weep not, my dearest parents, till you see *me* weep," she would exclaim, while her pale, very pale cheek, showed the smile it wore was but assumed, and her glazed, sad eye, that the tears were ill-suppressed; "and, oh! do not reproach him till you know he is false, nor then, till you cease to value my peace."

Meanwhile the unhappy Owen (who had written to his Amy, explained his abrupt departure, and vowed unalterable attachment, but in vain, for Morgan had intercepted the letter) left his native land, and soon, very soon, the dreadful tidings came that he had found a soldier's grave. Amy Griffith sank not, when the tale that blasted every hope reached her ear.

One tie still wound around the heart that would else have burst. That tie was the love she bore her parents. For them she still lived, still lived to woe. She even appeared calm; nay, she sometimes strove to appear cheerful; but the vain attempt betrayed the secret of her soul's malady.

Now she felt, she was convinced, he never could have been untrue. Many a day, and week, and month passed away, ere Morgan could endeavour to reap the fruit of his treachery, and to address Amy Griffith on the subject of love. Often had he sought her society, and by descanting upon the virtues of her ill-fated lover, with the apparent warmth of friendship, had insensibly gained upon her esteem. Many a melancholy, and yet pleasurable, hour had she beguiled with the supposed friend of her lost Owen, in consecrating his memory.

Often had that false friend mingled his fictitious tears with those of the sorrowing maid, till, imagining that grief had softened by unrestrained indulgence, and that the esteem he had sought

to inspire her with, might have ripened to a tenderer feeling, he opened the secret of his heart, pleading his friendship for the lost Owen, who now in heaven, he said, looked down with approbation, and sanctioned their union.

Amy, pale but composed, declared that her heart had known but one impression, her affections but one object: that being, though now no more, was united to her in the indissoluble bond of memory. She acknowledged her esteem for Morgan, her gratitude for the honour he had intended her, but she durst not prove unfaithful to the memory of Owen; and she entreated Morgan, if he esteemed her, never to renew so distressful a subject.

Baffled and discouraged, but not utterly hopeless, wanting sensibility to respect the wounded feelings of a generous mind, Morgan entreated the influence of his kinsman, the ill-fated Owen's father. The aged baron (who, since the loss of his son, had noticed Amy Griffith, and on whom the modest virtues of the drooping flower of the vale had wrought a favourable impression), readily undertook to engage her parents in favour of his kinsman.

Morgan's possessions were ample, and his fame was fair; for he had sufficient duplicity to conceal from the world the base and grovelling passions of his soul. Amy's parents could but feel flattered by the offer of his alliance, and, knowing she entertained the highest respect for his character, (so entirely had he wrought upon her credulity, and so effectually worn the mask before her,) they united their entreaties with those of the baron, and urged them with the forcive appeal to her filial affection, that to see her the wife of Morgan would brighten the shadows of their declining years, and make their death-bed happy.

In vain Amy declared that happiness was to her an empty name. In vain did she implore permission to indulge her griefs alone. Her gratitude for the kind condolence of Morgan, the respect she owed the baron, but, more than all, her duty to her parents, all were urged as powerful and resistless inducements to compliance. Filial piety prevailed; and Amy Griffith consented to be led to the altar,

"To glad her parents' hearts, and wring her own."

As the day appointed for the nuptials approached, she summoned all her fortitude, and strove to appear cheerful. The day decisive of Amy's destiny at length arrived. She arose from her sleepless couch, and returned with a smile of assumed contentment her delighted mother's caresses.

Amy trembled as she gave her hand to Morgan to be conducted

to the altar: she repressed her feelings, thought of her duty to her parents, and proceeded.

All were on their knees at the altar, when a beautiful spaniel which Owen Glynn had, in happier days, presented to his Amy, having followed the carriages from the castle, burst into the chapel and fawned at the feet of its mistress. The appearance of the animal seemed to recall recollection, in its fullest powers, to the mind of Amy.

Pale and disordered, she sprung from her knees, exclaiming—“When all, when Amy is unfaithful, this faithful animal still cherishes the memory of its master. See, it is come to reproach me of infidelity to Owen. Mother—father—forgive me! I cannot—indeed I cannot kneel at the altar, pledge my vows, and give my hand to another, while my heart is wholly and unalterably Owen’s.”

Her friends were about to remonstrate, but were interrupted by an unexpected occurrence.

Breathless and exhausted, a youth rushed into the chapel; he had heard Amy’s last words, and, flying towards her, caught her to his bosom, while these hurried accents trembled from his lips:—“Still, still unalterably Owen’s! still, still, my Amy, my own Amy! bless thee for those words—they assure me thou hast not forgotten thy long, long absent Owen!”

Overcome by her emotion, Amy had sunk insensible into the arms of her lover. Astonishment seized all present. But how was that astonishment heightened, when Morgan, throwing off all disguise, rushed upon the defenceless youth with his dirk!

Owen nimbly avoided the thrust, and smote the villain to the ground. He fell upon his own weapon, and a deep and lingering groan, succeeded by an awful silence, told that the wretch had ceased to live.

Little now remains to be told. Owen Glynn had been wounded and made prisoner; thus giving to the wily Morgan (who, by his emissaries, received timely information,) an opportunity of circulating the report of his death. After lying many tedious months in a foreign prison, an exchange of prisoners restored him to his home. The duplicity and villany of Morgan were detected by the confession of one of his creatures, and condignly punished in the manner described.

Owen Glynn was once more the idolized son of his father, the acknowledged lover of Amy Griffith, who again bloomed, in ripened and reanimated charms, the fairest flower that graced the vale of Llangollen.

CHARLES M.

## THE ANNUALS FOR 1830.

IN our notice of the *Annals* last month we mentioned that there were two plates in "The Amulet," for the engraving of which was paid the unprecedented price of three hundred and twenty-five guineas! We agree with the editor that one of these is certainly "unrivalled in modern art;" but we are at a loss to account for the taste which bestowed so much unmerited labour on the other, "The Minstrel of Chamouni." As a work of art it does Mr. Robinson all possible credit: it is, we admit, beautifully engraved; but the subject is totally devoid of interest. The costume may be correct, and the effect of the guitar is not lost, but the minstrel herself has nothing attractive about her: she wants grace, and is deficient in that attribute of her sex—a pretty face. Her features, if not repulsive, are by no means pleasing.

The other embellishments of "The Amulet" are of a superior order. "The First Interview between the Spaniards and the Peruvians," by Greathach after Briggs, is a pleasing picture, rich in effect, and historically true. "The Darty Bairn," we suspect, is one of Wilkie's early productions; it has, however, a good moral, and is well engraved by Mitchell. We cannot say as much for "The Anxious Wife," by Engleheart after Mullready. The engraver has not retained the effect which was produced in the painting by the dense shade within contrasted with the dim light without. The cottage roof should have been kept much more dark. Amongst the other plates "The Gleaner" pleases us best. The drawing about the head and neck appears a little defective, but still the whole figure is singularly agreeable. Her faithful attendant adds considerably to the effect.

The literary portion of "The Amulet" will lose nothing by comparison with the contents of any of its contemporaries. The articles are in general of a grave character, and some of them are really instructive. The sketches by Mrs. Hall are by far the best, and there is a pleasing tale by the editor. Knowledge is certainly never objectionable, but it is not exactly in a Christmas present that we should look for the history of astronomy. The article, "Are there more inhabited worlds than our Globe?" by Dr. Walsh, is very well written, but it is far too long and too tedious; and the same objection applies to "The First Invasion of Ireland," by his brother, the Rev. Robert Walsh. His account of Bannow, "the Irish Herculanum," a city buried in sand, is curious, but his historical details are strangely inaccurate.

Amongst the poetical contributors are many favourite authors.



Mrs. Hemans has one short piece, and the Hon. Mrs. Norton, author of "*Sorrows of Rosalie*," three or four poems. The following is from this lady's pen :

## SONNET.

Oh ! for the time—the happy sinless time  
 When first we murmured forth our infant prayer,  
 Listened with reverence to the church bell's chime—  
 Gazed on the sky and deemed that God dwelt *there* !  
 That time is past—burdened with sin and care  
 No more we hear those holy deep-toned bells ;  
 But as their echo trembles on the air  
 So in our sorrowing minds Remembrance dwells,  
 Rising reproachful from the deepest cells—  
 Breathing of those fine days ere passion's sigh  
 Remorse and sorrow, (sad the tale she tells,)  
 Polluted the petition sent on high ;—  
 When we knelt sinless—and our God alone  
 Was in the prayer that rose to his Almighty throne.

The character of "*The Amulet*" is well suited to the season : it is serious, but withal amusing ; and seeks to strengthen religion by enlisting in her cause the attractions of art and literature. This year, however, has witnessed the appearance of two *Annals* which solicit patronage on grounds more decidedly religious. "*The Iris*," edited by the Rev. Mr. Dale, is one of these, and "*Emmanuel*," edited by the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, is the other. The first attracts by its embellishments, some of them very good ; while the claims of the other rest almost exclusively on its low price and literary merits. It is ornamented with three plates only, and these by no means in the first style of art. Yet the serious cast of the articles, and the importance of the subject, are likely to give the book an extensive circulation among a large class of readers.

There are a few tales introduced, and an abundance of devotional poetry. More important matters are not excluded, and that interesting subject, marriage, is discussed with a pious earnestness. "They," says the writer, "who would debase its nature into a mere civil engagement, do violence to a holiness which they will not appreciate, and abrogate an essential law of religion which they do not understand. They aim a vital blow at the charities of life ; they attempt to pollute the purest fountain of earthly intercourse and social happiness. They would disrupt the lovely tendrils of chaste affection and holy love, and expose the most amiable and engaging portions of their own nature, to the unhallowed appetites and heartless brutality of intemperate passions. Their attempt is a striking sign of the times ; an evi-

dence of that corruption which militates, alas ! how successfully, against the venerable fabrics reared by the hallowed spirit of divine religion. Horace enumerates, amongst the preludes of Rome's approaching decline in the midst of all her greatness, the corrupting of marriages. May not the same thing be predicted of the attempts of those who would now strip the union of the sexes of its holy solemnities, and rear, like the trophies of ancient warriors, a hollow semblance of what was once more vigorous and full of life. Gracious Heaven ! is then all the beauty which Thou hast spread so sweetly, and with such winning graces over the fairest and most delicate forms of Thy creation, lavished in vain, or for purposes worse than vanity ! Is all the elegance of mind, delicacy of sensations, fidelity of affection, purity of love, which adorns our gentler selves, bestowed only that they may be bartered like the veriest bale of common merchandize ! Is woman, lovely woman, to be robbed of that protection which He who made her gentle and less powerful than man, instituted and ordained at her creation !" Heaven forbid !

From marriage it is only natural to turn to the nursery, adapted to which we find

#### LULLABY.

" Sleep on, sweet babe—and Heaven bless thee !

None shall harm thee while I'm nigh ;

To my bosom will I press thee,

And with fondest love caress thee,

Softly singing ' Lullaby.'

" A mother's hope—her fear—her joy—

Who can paint, or who deny ?

When the cares of life annoy,

How she hugs her darling boy !

Softly singing ' Lullaby.'"

While in the sanctuary of innocence we may as well say a few words respecting the Juvenile Annuals. They are this year four in number, "The Juvenile Souvenir," "The Juvenile Keepsake," "The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," and "Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-Me-Not." The slight difference between the titles of the two last has created, we are sorry to perceive, some indication of displeasure, but the proprietors may rest assured that there is "ample room and verge enough" for both. The books are not likely to be mistaken for each other, and we have no doubt that the rivalry between them will, in producing greater excellence, lead to a more extensive sale.

These little presents, like their more matured precursors, are numerously embellished, and many of the plates are executed in a very superior style. The contents, though well

adapted for "the rising generation," may be perused with advantage by those who are "descending into the vale of years," and we are almost tempted to prefer the majority of the articles to those which are to be found in the more costly Annuals. "The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, opens with an essay by the late Mrs. Barbauld, which is followed by

## MY SON! MY SON!

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"My son! my son!" a husbandman  
Said to his youngest born,  
Look well upon the herbs and flowers,  
On grass and growing corn;  
Muse on the clover's fragrant sward,  
Survey the ripened shock,  
Nor pass the lily of the lea,  
In beauty newly woke:  
In grass and grain, in flowers and flocks,  
The wise and thoughtful see  
God's wond'rous volume wrote for man—  
I'll read some words to thee.

"The sailor sails the sea for gold,  
The soldier fights for fame,  
The painter paints, the poet sings,  
Each for a fleeting name;  
But he who ploughs the fragrant field,  
And bids the valley broad  
Wave rustling with the golden ears,  
Walks hand in hand with God;  
The cherished grain yields sixtyfold;  
He lends his skill to nourish  
All living things. Like sun and shower  
He bids the green earth flourish.

"My son, my son, be wise and yield  
The husbandman thy praise,  
For he has learned in Nature's school  
Of Nature's various ways.  
He knows the season when to cleave  
The greensward with his share,  
He knows what time to cast the grain  
In furrows broad and fair;  
He stands amid the golden waves  
Of tall and glittering corn,  
And calls the shining sickles out  
With his loud harvest horn.

"The husbandman's a learned man,  
For who can plough and sow  
In ignorance, and read the signs  
Of sunshine, rain, and snow—

Can look far in the night, and cry,  
 "Load till it groans the wain  
 With ripe dry corn; lo! yon small cloud  
 Is filled with wind and rain"—  
 Can look upon the eve, and say,  
 "To-morrow will be fair,  
 Drive forth the flocks to feed; and see  
 Ye bury deep the share!"

"To him all ways of beasts are known,  
 All ways of birds, and he  
 Knows every seed, and herb, and flower,  
 To nourish brute and bee.  
 Ways of wild fowl to him are plain,  
 And worms that wear the sting—  
 The haunt, the food, aye, and the use  
 Of every living thing.  
 The moving heaven, the rolling earth,  
 The deep and barren sea,  
 Are things on which he muses oft,  
 A learned man is he.

"My son, my son, with reverence walk  
 Along the glorious road  
 Of those who held in elder times  
 High converse with their God.  
 Revere the watcher of the flock,  
 The holder of the plough;  
 Of virtue's tree the husbandman  
 He is the upper bough:  
 And when it fades shall science fall,  
 And poesy be mute;  
 The streams shall cease to run, and trees  
 In summer time to shoot."

## THE DUKE OF FRIEDLAND'S PAGE.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE countess, who felt mortified at the abrupt decision of the duke, proceeded, in a manner somewhat uncourteous, to question the maiden, but was greatly abashed on encountering a spirit as haughty but much more dignified than her own. "Before I relate the story of my life," said the stranger, "may I beg this young lady to withdraw. The events of my history are in harsh collision with your noble daughter's future prospects."

"What have you," asked the countess, "in common with my daughter?"

"A lover," replied the maiden. "The Marquis del Guasto belongs to us both; but as the prize is little worth I resign my claim to him."



The countess could hear no more, and was hurrying out of the apartment when the duke entered. "The alliance," he said, "with the Marquis del Guasto cannot take place. I have had an interview with the maiden's father, and here hold in my hand the vouchers for the truth of his assertions. He is a nobleman from the Palatinate, and his castle afforded protection to the marquis when wounded in the neighbourhood of his residence; by Italian wiles he ingratiated himself into the favour of the father and the daughter, and persuaded the maiden that he loved her. On the eve of the solemn betrothing, as they were taking a walk in a grove adjacent to the castle, they were attacked by a disguised banditti, who pinioned the old man's arms and carried off the marquis and the bride. The villains were Del Guasto's own domestics. To her courage and virtue the maiden owes her deliverance. She returned to her father's castle, and Del Guasto to Italy. Scorned by her companions, shunned by all the brave youth of her country, she heavily expiated her juvenile indiscretion; and when, after a lapse of two years, her father learned Del Guasto's sojourn at Prague, he set out in quest of him. You know the rest, and for his own safety, and as an atonement to me, he shall remain a few days longer in custody. In the mean time I will have you treat this unfortunate maiden kindly." Saying this the duke withdrew, and on regaining his closet sent for Seni. "Have you," he said, when the master entered, "been observing, as I ordered you, the stars last night? what did they portend?"

"That this present day is one on which you are not hastily to determine on any thing," replied the astrologer. "It passes over you big with mischief. Let it pass without interfering in its events, and it will end harmlessly."

Here the master was interrupted by a noise in the court yard. On looking through the window the duke saw a number of people bearing into the castle the body of a wounded man. "It is the Marquis del Guasto," said Seni; and at that moment the door opened, and Rothkirch, in a buff doublet, entered, and, dropping on one knee, said, "Your highness gave me leave to be the foreign maiden's knight. Forgive me, my lord, if I have, perhaps, misunderstood your permission, or carried it too far."

"How now?" said the duke, "in this dress in my presence?"

"But I still wear," said the youth, calmly, "your highness's sash. It is under his lady's colours only, that a knight is allowed to wage a combat."

"Under his lady's colours!" said the duke, still more exas-

perated. "Sable is the hussy's likeliest colour. But this, you varlet!"

"I cannot hear this," said the page; "I crave my discharge from your highness's service."

"You!" cried the duke, in a rage, "you—"

"The Duke of Friedland bears with no varlets amongst his servants, and George Rothkirch with no insult."

The duke raised his cane in excess of irritation, and George threw open the window. "I will die," he exclaimed, "my lord, rather than submit to this," and he made a motion as if he would fling himself through the casement.

The duke saw that he was determined to die rather than be disgraced; and as he was always pleased with proofs of courage, the conduct of the page disarmed his resentment. "Rothkirch," he said, "I have hurt your sense of honour by word, and nearly by deed. That you would rather have your body crushed than disgraced was brave of you, my son. Had you, however, drawn your sword on me, you should have expiated the deed with your life. But now tell me what has happened."

"The Marquis del Guasto," said George, "has been wounded by me in single combat, and, I fear, severely."

"O that's all," said the duke, without showing any displeasure—"Go, Rothkirch, and tell the captain of the halberdiers to come hither. I must not let a violation of the peace of the chateau pass by unpunished. You must repair to prison; your arrest, however, shall not be long."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

The apartment in which the youth was confined communicated with the room in which Conrade von Wangen was detained, and the satisfaction he felt on conversing with that gentleman was not diminished by the occasional visits of his daughter. From her he learnt that he was beloved by Mathilde, but this delightful information was quickly dashed by the intelligence of the marquis's death.

"You are discharged from arrest," said Seni, who brought the news, "but must fly hence this very night. Before you depart call upon me, and you shall receive the duke's more particular commands; through my intercession with his excellency you are released from your parole. It expires at ten of the chateau clock; when," continued the astrologer, smiling, "you would do well to visit the equestrian hall. A fair lady will expect you there."

Time departed slowly, but at length the clock struck ten, and the page, wrapped in a long cloak, proceeded through the lofty and unfrequented galleries towards the eastern wing of the chateau, forming the equestrian hall, adorned with the ancestral portraits of the noble house of Wallenstein. His steps sounded hollow as he paced the marble corridors; the silence of the grave reigned in that lonely part of the chateau, usually appropriated to state and ceremony only, and it was not without some trepidation that he pushed open the lofty and ponderous folding-doors, and entered the hall amongst the pictorial assembly of the Wallensteins.

He had not been here long when two figures glided towards him, and by the light of his taper he soon discovered that he stood in the presence of Mathilde and Joanna. The interview was short, but full of bliss—they exchanged vows of eternal fidelity, and made the fair stranger a witness of the fond compact. Before separating, George received from the countess a silken sash, which he pressed closely to his heart.

When the first thrill of delight had subsided he sought the apartment of Seni. "There is still," said the astrologer, when he entered, "a tremendous chasm between you and the duke's niece; a chasm which, to you, widens more and more at every step. He, the most enterprising man of the age, advances in his career with giant strides. His eagle flight it is impossible for you to follow. As his star rises, your's must set. Reflect on this well. If this state continues, you must never expect to prosper in your love. As long as fortune keeps faithful to Friedland (and, oh! that it may always prove so!)" he continued, "there is no prosperity in this world for you, poor child! A most glorious opportunity offers itself to you now. It may, like all wholesome medicine, perhaps be unpalatable at first, but, finally, it will prove most beneficial. Attend to me. The duke sends you this purse, containing a hundred golden florins, and commands you forthwith to proceed in search of Field-Marshal Arnim. With him you are to remain, keep the duke minutely informed of every thing that passes in the Saxon army, and after Arnim has been awhile at Prague you may return to Gitschin. By that time Del Gnasto will, most likely, be forgotten, and things again return to the former routine."

"In what capacity am I to be at the Saxon field-marshal's quarters? Does my master mean to employ me as a spy?"

"Not exactly as a spy; but rather to sound—how shall I name it?—to—to—negociate; yes, to negociate. You must

know that the duke intends abandoning the cause of the emperor. But hear me," continued Seni, in a whisper. "Remain faithful to the emperor, your legitimate sovereign; report whatever you learn of Arnim to Cardinal Diedrichstein, and your reward shall be—Mathilde Terzka."

"Mathilde Terzka the reward!" Rothkirch enthusiastically exclaimed, and his countenance beamed with delight. "No, Master Seni, that prize must not be won by such means! The duke has been a kind father to me, orphan lad. To the duke I am indebted for what I am, and for all I have got. Ingratitude is the blackest of crimes, and George Rothkirch shall never be accused of ingratitude."

"Worthy youth!" cried Seni, "noble boy, who at the very moment when tantalizing love gave you all, and again deprived you of all, are yet capable of immolating your last remnant of hope to it! let me clasp you to my heart, faithful servant of our illustrious liege! Never shall I forget this hour. Henceforth, you can rely implicitly on me."

Rothkirch looked with surprise at the astrologer. The abrupt transition could not but appear singular to him; but his fervent joy, the hearty embrace, and paternal blessing, tended to banish any doubt he might have entertained, and he set out soon after on his journey.

#### CHAPTER XV.

Rothkirch had been about three weeks along with Arnim's army when he heard from Seni that he might return to the chateau, and have an interview with his mistress. On his arrival the astrologer conducted him to the presence of the young countess, but the first transport of joy, consequent upon their meeting, had hardly subsided when the door opened and the duke stood before the astonished lovers. It was now evident that Seni had deceived them, but no time was left for reproaches or explanation. Mathilde was carried, by his excellency's orders, to her own apartment, and the page was sternly desired to depart for ever from his noble master's dominions. To prevent the possibility of danger the countess was sent to a distant convent.

Germany was now involved in war; the duke took the field against the invading Swedes, and George, who burned with a desire to fight once more beside his general, solicited permission to serve as a volunteer. His request was sternly refused, but the page was not to be refused; he followed the army in various disguises, and fought beside Isolani and his Croats. His bravery



attracted general observation, but still the duke refused to admit him to his presence.

The day on which was fought the celebrated battle of Nuremberg, George, as he was galloping around a retired church, encountered the astrologer. "Master Seni," he exclaimed, "well met. Behold your work. Have the stars, vile impostor, told you that you will be punished and I revenged? But no, begone—I have other and more manly foes to encounter," and he turned his horse's head to ride away, but at the instant a squadron of the enemy appeared, and he narrowly escaped the death which awaited the astrologer; Seni was cut to pieces by Swedish sabres.

On the right of the little church was a wood, and near it stood the Duke of Friedland with his staff. George, as he endeavoured to join his party, perceived the enemy issuing from among the trees, and, suspecting that his excellency was in danger, he rode forward to apprize him of the approaching attack. His horse bore him proudly across the field, but he was too late; the enemy had already assailed the duke with astonishing impetuosity, and nothing apparently remained for George but to fly. This, however, he disdained to do. To the duke he was still attached, and seeing him in danger he resolved to share his fate.

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Next morning the Duke of Friedland, accompanied by his staff and state surgeon, entered a magnificent tent. "He is wounded," said the doctor, "but not mortally. His face has been so disfigured by the sabres of the enemy that I cannot recognize him."

"Brave youth," said the duke, approaching the couch where a wounded officer lay, "who are you?"

"George Rothkirch," answered a voice, scarcely audible.

"What!" exclaimed the duke, "George Rothkirch, my faithful page! To your valour I owe my life—I trust in heaven your's is not in danger. Cheer up, your master's friendship is still able to reward your fidelity."

George's recovery was slow, but his reward was ample. Persuaded of Seni's perfidy and of his own harshness, the duke laboured to evince his respect for the page, who was promoted to one of the first offices in the state. Dignified by rank, and ennobled by merit, his excellency felt that in bestowing on him the hand of Mathilde, he was not inflicting a stain on the noble house of Wallenstein.

Joanna had long since, on the death of her father, sought the consolation to be found in the retirement of the cloister.

## LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE "novel," if not the "fashionable," season has commenced; for our table is now loaded with tales, stories, and romances, and the journals abound with announcements of new books addressed to that numerous class of persons who read for amusement.

We have been so well entertained by Mrs. Hofland's "Beatrice; a Tale founded on Facts," that we have been induced to give it priority of notice. Like all this lady's productions it seeks to inform while it amuses, and is so well managed as to answer very fully the objects contemplated by the excellent writer. Mrs. Hofland does not seek to interest her readers by novel paradoxes or startling propositions. She conjures up no monsters to fright her readers, nor does she labour to diminish the repulsiveness of vice by palliatives founded on mistaken admiration of splendid villany or attractive vice. With an eye constantly fixed on the realities of life, she paints man as he is—the creature of habit and education; and while her numerous works prove that there is abundance of romance in every-day occurrences, the object of her tales is to strengthen good principles, and awaken the dormant virtue of the human heart. This is the tendency of "Beatrice," and we have seldom read a more interesting fiction.

There is now a rage for tales. Within the last month we have "Tales of my Time;" by the author of "Blue-Stocking Hall," "Tales of Four Nations," and "Tales of a Briefless Barrister." The first of these possess many qualities calculated to give the tales popularity. The plots are good, and the style excellent, sprightly, and faultless. The characters are all well drawn, and are at once diverting and novel. Tales of Four Nations are by a less experienced hand, but still they possess considerable merit. The "Briefless Barrister" has adduced in his tales abundant proof why his law-bag has continued empty. He has, we suspect, "penned a stanza when he should engross," and devoted more time to Cervantes and Sir Walter Scott than to Coke and Blackstone. As he is never likely to monopolize the woolsack, he has determined to lay his case before the public, his brief in this instance taking the form of three volumes of very amusing and characteristic tales. Although these fictions possess no very decided merit, they are totally free from objection, and are sufficiently entertaining to create a run upon all well managed circulating libraries.

"Stories of a Bride," by the author of the "Mummy," is a work of considerable merit. We have seldom met fictions better managed or more interestingly told. The author possesses con-

siderable tact, and a gentle vein of metaphysics perfectly harmless, and sometimes amusing. Occasionally we encounter a shrewd observation unexpectedly insinuated, and a useful reflection very appropriately introduced. Like the "Mummy," the "Stories of a Bride" deals a good deal in the mystical, but the moral is generally excellent.

Previous to the melancholy death of Henry Neele, a second series of his "Romance of History" had been announced. The promised work related to France, but we have waited in vain for its appearance; and were not a little surprised to find the second series, just published, appertain to Spain, printed not from Mr. Neele's MS., but supplied by T. de Trueba. The work itself is well calculated to reconcile us to this arrangement. The history of Spain is truly a romance, and the book before us pictures forth, in the most agreeable manner, the "sayings and doings" of courtly dames, proud knights, and splendid monarchs. Though the tales, strictly speaking, are romances, they are sufficiently accurate to give the reader a lively idea of the past history and forgotten manners of one of the most interesting nations of Europe.

The fair reader will not be disappointed if she turn, as we do, from the "Romance of History" to "The Fitzwalters, Barons of Chesterton; or Ancient Times in England," by the author of "A Winter's Tale." The plot is well developed, and the interest of the story admirably sustained. As a picture of feudal manners in our own country, the work deserves to be carefully read.

We were going to place under the head of novels "Four Years in Southern Africa," by Cowper Rose, of the Royal Engineers. It is quite as entertaining as a romance, and certainly not less instructive. Mr. Rose is no common-place traveller: like Captain Head, he galloped over undiscovered regions and saw nothing barren; from the wild beasts of the wilderness he borrows wisdom, and he paints the savage in those humane colours in which the philosopher loves to contemplate him. His book, if not the best, is certainly the most amusing account of Southern Africa ever published; and we have no doubt that the author is as accurate as he is lively. Dulness is generally in error.

From Africa we must step to South America, and, appertaining to this new region, we have "Memoirs of Bolivar," by Gen. H. L. V. Ducondray Holstein. This gentleman has been led, by his ardent love of liberty, to join her standard wherever it has been raised. He served in the French army during the days of the revolution, and when the South American States revolted he offered his services to the new republics. They were accepted,



and his duty brought him into immediate contact with Simon Bolivar, who has been very inconsiderately lauded as a second Washington. According to our author he is little better than a charlatan. "General Bolivar," he says, "in his exterior, in his physiognomy, in his whole deportment, has nothing which would be noticed as characteristic or imposing. His manners, his conversation, his behaviour in society, have nothing extraordinary in them, nothing which would attract the attention of any one who did not know him; on the contrary, his exterior is against him. He is five feet four inches in height, his visage is long, his cheeks hollow, his complexion a livid brown; his eyes are of middle size, and sunk deep in his head, which is covered thinly with hair; and his whole body is thin and meagre. He has the appearance of a man sixty-five years old. In walking, his arms are in perpetual motion. He cannot walk long, but soon becomes fatigued. Wherever he goes his stay is short, seldom more than half an hour, and as soon as he returns his hammock is fixed, in which he sits or lies, and swings upon it after the manner of his countrymen. Large mustachios and whiskers cover a part of his face, and he is very particular in ordering each of his officers to wear them, saying that they give a martial air. This gives him a dark and wild aspect, particularly when he is in a passion. His eyes then become animated, and he gesticulates and speaks like a madman, threatens to shoot those with whom he is angry, steps quickly across his chamber, or flings himself upon his hammock; then jumps out of it, orders people out of his presence, and frequently arrests them. When he wishes to persuade, or bring any one to his purpose, he employs the most seducing promises, taking a man by the arm, and walking and speaking with him as with his most intimate friend. As soon as his purpose is attained, he becomes cool, haughty, and often sarcastic; but he never ridicules a man of high character, or a brave man, except in his absence.

"General Bolivar occupies himself very little in studying the military art. He understands no theory, and seldom asks a question, or holds any conversation relative to it. Nor does he speak of the civil administration, unless it happens to fall within the concerns of the moment. I often endeavoured to bring him into serious conversation on these subjects, but he would always interrupt me; 'Yes, yes, *mon cher ami*, I know this, it is very good; but *apropos*'—and immediately turned the conversation upon some different subject.

"His reading, which is very little, consists of light history and



tales. He has no library, or collection of books, befitting his rank and the place he has occupied for the last fifteen years.

"Dancing is also an amusement of which he is also passionately fond. Whenever he stays two or three days in a place, he gives a ball or two, at which he dances in his boots and spurs, and makes love to those ladies who happen to please him for the moment."

His habits are those of a native of Old Spain, and his ambition insatiable. Money he disregards, but wants discrimination in applying it: his flatterers obtain it all. Public opinion alone prevents him from assuming the crown; but for dominion he wants capacity. He has no judgment, but does not want a knowledge of men. This, it must be observed, is a portrait drawn by a personal enemy; for the author cannot conceal his hatred of the "Liberator," who did him considerable disservice. The book, however, is curious, but cannot be read without exciting great doubts of the authenticity of its statements, though supported by numerous documents.

The "Family Library" and the "Waverley Novels" make their periodical appearance with wonted regularity; and while we see much in the first to praise, the other comes upon us with all the freshness of originality. The illustrations are nothing inferior to the best engravings in the *Annals*, and the notes are so curious that we shall, perhaps, next month bestow upon them a separate notice.

#### LETTERS FROM LONDON.—NO. VII.

THE most "intense novelty" at present in town, my dear Julia, is George Cruikshank's second part of "Scraps and Sketches." You meet them every where; in the drawing-rooms of the *haut-ton*, and on the parlour tables of the citizens. Every body talks about them, every body laughs at them. This extraordinary artist is a kind of national blessing: his works tend to keep people in good humour, and none of them is better calculated to promote so desirable a consummation than the last. It is, too, appropriate to the season: at Christmas people like to be social and merry, but as the weather has nothing exhilarating about it, something artificial is necessary, and here we have it in "Scraps and Sketches." Playing at "forfeits" in an old castellated mansion, like your uncle's, with its romantic gloom, and inconvenient fire-places, is not half so amusing as turning over these leaves, where each furnishes something new—something to surprise and laugh at.

DECEMBER, 1829.

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But Mr. Cruikshank, in labouring to provoke mirth, never forgets that, as a great master, he ought to instruct while he interests. He would have made an excellent preacher. He sees at one glance the weak part of human nature, and assails it with irresistible humour. Ridicule, in his hands, becomes indeed the test of truth, and his Sketches suggest the practicability of teaching morals, as Von Feinagle taught languages, by pictures.

The first plate is rich in all those characteristics which distinguish this artist, not only from his cotemporaries but from his predecessors. He is neither a Hogarth nor a Bunbury, but he is their equal—he is original—he is George Cruikshank. But I am forgetting the plate: it is entitled “London going out of Town, or the March of Bricks and Mortar.” It is an animated affair. The sylvan deities, in the forms of hay-ricks and aged trees, are assailed by a shower of bricks discharged from a brick-kiln, under the cover of a dense column of smoke, while all the implements of architecture march to the support of the attack. A chimney pot, and a hod, full of mortar, form the body of a very sightly general, and he moves very adroitly on a pickaxe and a shovel, which serve for a very tolerable pair of legs. His army is somewhat similarly supplied. But the most surprising thing among these military creations is the pioneer. His person is constructed out of the materials of a carpenter’s tool basket, the said basket included. You think you hear the grating noise of his saw as he cuts down the rural hedge. The hay-cocks and trees are in a state of great alarm: the artist, by a few strokes, has communicated to them an appearance of persons suddenly surprised, and you are absolutely led to think that there is motion in the smaller hay-cocks. In the rear of the battle are the skeletons of several newly-built houses, and such is the rage for “going out of town,” that boards are up, announcing that they are to be let, even in their unfinished state.

In the second plate we have a disquisition on steam. A coach, laden with passengers, flies down the road, which is overlooked by four superannuated horses. One of them, like too many with their eyes open, is unfortunately blind, and refuses to believe that a coach can go without horses. Below them sit two of the canine race, and the plate is appropriately styled “Horses going to the dogs.” There are four vignettes on the same plate, each of them full of point.

The third plate is not only the best in the part, but decidedly the best the artist ever executed. It rivals Hogarth’s “Gin Lane,” and is entitled “The Gin-shop.” Now you must know, my dear

Julia, that "gin," amongst sportsmen, signifies a snare, and certainly a gin-shop is, without any kind of pun, a trap. The furniture of the place preach an excellent sermon; the repositories of the spirits are in the form of coffins, and on one of them is written "Dead-y's Cordials;" Deady is the name of an eminent distiller. Near it is posted a bill, stating that there are "wanted a few members to complete a burial society." At the counter stands a victim of gin; he wears half-boots, "a world too wide for his shrunk shanks," and a crape on his head intimates that his friends have died by the disease which is now consuming himself. His feeble frame trembles as he extends his hand for another glass. Behind him are two old women, one of them pouring the deleterious cordial into the mouth of her infant, and above them is the figure of an infant Bacchus. Never has the god of wine been more correctly drawn; in one hand he holds a bottle, and in the other a glass; and his attitude, as he bestrides a miniature cask, is peculiarly drunken. Milton painted sin in the form of a beautiful woman (a high compliment to our sex), and Mr. Cruikshank has given to his landlady the external appearance of a graceful female. When you look a little closer, you discover that it is only death in a mask.

The other plates are of a more miscellaneous and not less entertaining character. "A Scene in Kensington Gardens" brings before you the fashions and frights of 1829. The figures are all excellently drawn, from the awkward coxcomb to the listless exquisite. Mr. Cruikshank excels in portraying the female figure. No living artist does our sex so much justice; his ladies are always graceful. "Elbow Room" is a lady with fashionable sleeves sitting at a piano, and "Forte—piana" is two ladies at the same employment, but very unequal in size. "Miss Nomer" is admirable, but "Is the Labourer worthy of his Hire?" is still better. An artist is dressing a lady's hair, while she is engaged in reading a novel. "What," she asks, without raising her eyes from the book, "are your terms, Mr. Frizem?" "A guinea an hour, my lady!" "A guinea an hour!" exclaims the waiting-maid. The three figures are well drawn; that of the lady elegantly. Her attitude is at once easy and dignified.

The theatres, during the last month, present little in the way of novelty: there have been a few new pieces partially successful, but of a character which does not require any particular notice. Miss Fanny Kemble still continues to fill Covent Garden; and Mr. Price, of Drury Lane, has just engaged Mr. Kean.

Yours, &c.

## THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

## EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of white tulle over white satin, with broad pink satin stripes formed of riband, terminating each in a rosette over a border composed of fan ornaments in bias, of broad, rich blond, or of fluted tulle, stiffened. Where these are fastened to the dress is a puffing along the head of each of pink satin riband, and next the shoe a white satin full rouleau, entwined by silk cordon. The corsage is slightly *en gerbe*, and the sleeves short, yet approaching nearly to the elbow, and very full, in the chemisette style: these are of white blond. A double falling tucker of blond surrounds the bust. The head-dress consists of a beret of pink satin, with two white feathers under the brim, taking a spiral direction to the upper part: two more feathers turn gracefully over the crown.

## WALKING COSTUME.

A pelisse of French-grey, or some other light, and equally unobtrusive, colour, in gros de Naples, trimmed with a broad border of black velvet round the skirt, from the feet, almost as high as the knee. The body made plain, and sleeves à l'Amadis, finished at the wrists by Spanish points. The pelisse has two pelerine-capes, edged with fringe of the same colour as the gros de Naples, and a narrow falling collar of lace, of a Vandyck pattern, is added. A boa-tippet of Chinchilla is worn round the throat, the ends depending nearly to the feet. A bonnet of white gros des Indes is ornamented under the brim with pink rosettes of riband, and the crown is trimmed with riband the colour of the pelisse. The bonnet fastens under the chin by a *mentonnière* of tulle.

## GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

The rains and fogs which prevailed so early in November brought several wealthy and fashionable families to London; and these are not likely again to quit it during the winter: the leafless trees and overflowing grounds present but a dreary prospect now in the country; while, in our splendid metropolis, the cheerful fire in the bright register-stove and well-lighted apartments cast oblivion over the chill and cheerless scene they have so recently quitted. Preparations of every fashionable kind now busily occupy our marchandes-de-modes; from some of the most famous of these, and also from our own observations on the attire of many members belonging to the most distinguished gentry, we offer the following particulars to our readers.

Head-dresses in hair continue to be very simply arranged;





EVENING DRESS. WALKING COSTUME.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR DECEMBER 1828.

*Published by J. Robins & Co. London.*



rather too much so ; for it is a fashion which is far from being universally becoming ; those plain, straight bands, coming not lower than the temples, require much beauty, which, in fact, it is always hard to disguise.

There are, however, many young ladies who arrange their hair in beautiful curls next the face, and form it into bows and plats on the summit, in a light and very graceful manner. The beret cap is a very elegant head-dress for *demi parure* ; the caul is generally of coloured satin, and the front is formed *en aurcôle*, of broad Vandyck blond, and coloured points of satin of the same shade as the caul. White satin hats for the Opera and evening dress parties are of the Spanish shape, and are adorned with coloured plumage of light colours. The blond caps worn at friendly dinner parties and in home costume, are trimmed with richly brocaded riband, and are excessively large ; we hope they will not increase in size, for they are, at present, very becoming, though certainly of too wide dimensions to be elegant. We are happy, however, to see that most becoming of all head-dresses for matronly ladies, and even those who are elderly who go much in company, the turban, now so much in request ; these distinguished head-dresses are of richly striped and beautifully figured gauze of various and brilliant colours ; they are worn at all times of the day ; and for the evening dress party are of velvet, or gold and silk tissue-gauze, with plumage of the aigrette kind. A very pretty head-dress for young married ladies who have fine hair is the Psyche fichu ; all who are acquainted with this *coiffure*, know that it is a mere apology for a head-covering, and requires the hair to be as well arranged as if that gift of nature was the sole head-dress ; the fichu is placed very backward, displaying a profusion of curls in front, and then, simply tied under the chin, is supported behind by a comb with a high gallery. The *fichu à la Psyche* is composed of white silk ; on which are painted, in natural colours, various kinds of butterflies, with their wings extended ; above each temple are two *papillon-rosettes* of coloured riband, to suit that of the dress.

Dresses of Merino and of Lyonese crape continue in favour for home costume ; for the afternoon those of gros de Naples prevail much even in home retirement, but then they are made high and extremely plain ; for half dress they have either two flounces, broad bias folds, or a broad hem headed with fringe or some other ornament, according to the fancy of the wearer : the long sleeves are then white, over a sleeve the same as the dress, which comes nearly as low as the elbow : when gros de Naples is worn in even-

ing dress, it is generally of some lively colour, made low, with a broad falling tucker of blond, and the sleeves short and full. Ball dresses are, at present, of crape, either white or coloured; they have broad hems at the border, with a light and feather-like fringe at the head of the hem. Fringes of various kinds, and diversified richness of texture, are expected to be in general favour for the trimming of dresses this winter.

Though cloaks are the favourite envelopes for out-door costume, yet there are some charming new pelisses of gros de Naples for the carriage, which fasten down the front by straps of satin, with gold buttons. They have pelerine capes, trimmed round with fringe. The most admired cloak for the promenade is of black levantine or satin, faced with black velvet, and lined with ruby-coloured sarcenet: for the carriage, gros des Indes, velvet, and satin of various colours, trimmed with valuable fur, prevail most; Cashmere shawls of real oriental manufacture are in high favour with the great ones of the land, who are also seen in carriages with pelisses of gros de Naples, trimmed in the most costly and tasteful manner with fur; the pelisses are often made *en tunique*, and the body, tightened in at the base of the waist, turns back, with lapels of satin, discovering a fine chemisette underneath, buttoned with cornelians or gold buttons.

Black satin bonnets, either figured or plain, are expected to be more fashionable this winter than those entirely of velvet; the satin bonnets which have already appeared are of beautiful running patterns, and are lined with black velvet; and long puffs of black velvet, attached to black satin riband, surround the crown at separate distances. The crowns are low, and the new bonnets, though very wide in front, are very becoming, from being short at the ears, which gives to them, in front, the appearance of a hat. A few of the black carriage bonnets are enlivened by trimmings of bright geranium, amber, or flame-colour, and a large, black, weeping willow feather droops over the left side; the coloured silk and satin bonnets are daily on the decrease; and those which do appear, though fresh-looking and new, we regard as only the remaining vestiges of last autumn.

The colours most in favour are parma violet, slate colour, lavender, bright geranium, flame-colour, blue, garnet, and pink.

### Modes de Paris.

#### MORNING DRESS.

A petticoat of gros de la Chine, the colour, *pensée* (the dark velvet purple of the heartsease) with a very broad hem at the







MORNING DRESS.

EVENING DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR DECEMBER. 1829.

*Published by J. Robins & Co. London.*

border, headed by a narrow fluted trimming, and three rows of black silk braiding. A canezou spencer of white jaconet-muslin, with sleeves à *l'imbecille*, forms the body to this dress: the sleeves are confined at the wrists by very broad bracelets of black velvet, fastened by a gold buckle. The bonnet is of pink gros de Naples, with very broad stripes of green in different shades; and is trimmed with green and pink figured ribands intermingled.

## EVENING DRESS.

A dress of rose-coloured crape, trimmed at the border with a full ruche, set on in points. The corsage is à *la Sevigné*; and the sleeves of white crape, à *l'Amadis*; with double blond ruffles at the wrists, turning upwards. Broad bracelets next the hand, of dark braided hair and gold, fastened by a cameo. The head-dress, a beret of rose-coloured crape, ornamented with silver bands. The ear-pendants of pear pearls.

## STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS IN NOVEMBER, 1829.

The form of the new berets is oval, hollowed out on the right side; a celebrated public singer has appeared in one of black velvet, where the hollow part was filled in by two large roses, placed at the extremity to right and left. A bow of gauze ribands with satin stripes upheld the roses; and one on the left side terminated by two long ends, which descended as low as the sash. Two ladies have been seen with their hair elegantly arranged, and wearing in front five or six ostrich feathers, placed round *en aureôle*; the feathers were, alternately, one white and one blue. Small blond caps for the theatres and the evening party are much in vogue: they discover all the ornamental dressing of the hair at the back of the head, and ought to be put on well, be placed on the hair by a skilful *coiffeur*; most of these elegant head-coverings have long lappets of blond falling over the shoulders.

The new sleeves, named *demi-Amadis*, and *demi-Mamelukes*, are more fitted for the evening than for *deshabille*; they are very graceful, and discover all the beauty of the smaller part of the arm. Several young persons, when they wear dresses cut low, have round their necks a *fiancée* of black velvet, the two ends of which are drawn through a runner of diamonds; this little ornament has a charming effect at the public spectacles. Morning dresses of Merino and other stuffs are worn by women of the first distinction: the French Cashmere lined with plush silk is most admired; and some of these dresses cost a great price. Some ladies have, round the tucker part of a coloured dress, a collar cape of tulle, with four points; very narrow in the centre; but over each shoulder are extended two very long points. Besides the fringe, which is often placed over the broad hems at the bor-

der of dresses, and which come as high as the knee, there is a row over the top of the sleeves, forming a wing or epaulette; over long sleeves, however, any ornament on the shoulder is seldom seen; and at the end of short sleeves, whether of satin, velvet, or other dress materials, there are ruffles *à la Sevigné*, of blond, very long at the elbow, and caught up in front by a bow of satin riband. The waists are long, and likely to be continued so this winter; and the corsages of all thick texture are very much spread out. Some very charming ball dresses are in preparation, embroidered in coloured silks, mingled with gold or silver; and white crape dresses, for the same purpose, worked in white floize silk. Dresses, trimmed with fur, are made with stomachers; the tucker part is surrounded by a band of fur; the fulness of the sleeves is confined beneath the elbow by a band of fur, and another surrounds the wrist; the border of the skirt is finished either by one broad band of fur, or two or three which are narrower.

Hats of *pensée*-coloured velvet are trimmed with a band of the same, as broad as the crown is high; the two ends of the band are ornamented with very broad fringe; in front are two ornaments of white blond, representing butterflies' wings. The velvet hats most in fashion for the promenade are made in the form of *demi-capotes* (or hat bonnets).

The greater part of the cloaks now worn in Paris are of fine cloth, or double Merino; they are red, blue, or green; and many of them are very beautifully figured *en colonnes*. They are lined with plush silk, and have very large capes, descending quite as low as the elbow. A boa tippet of fur is often thrown over them at the promenade. Several pelisses of changeable-coloured gros de Naples have appeared; they have two pelerine capes, and a square falling collar. They are trimmed with a narrow, tufted foliage. The front of the pelisse is ornamented with crescents of satin, and these half-moons are fastened in the centre by three buttons which close the pelisse. There are many pelisses of gros de Naples, lined with satin, which lining turns back, and forms facings down each side in front of the pelisse; these facings, as well as the lapels, are edged with fringe. The sleeves are enormously wide at the top of the arm, but fit almost close at the narrow part. Pelerines of fur are much worn in out-door costume this winter.

The reigning favourite colour at present is the bright orange-coloured breast of the toucan; next in favour is cherry, which is often worn with the toucan-colour, Japan-rose-colour, *pensée*, and pink.



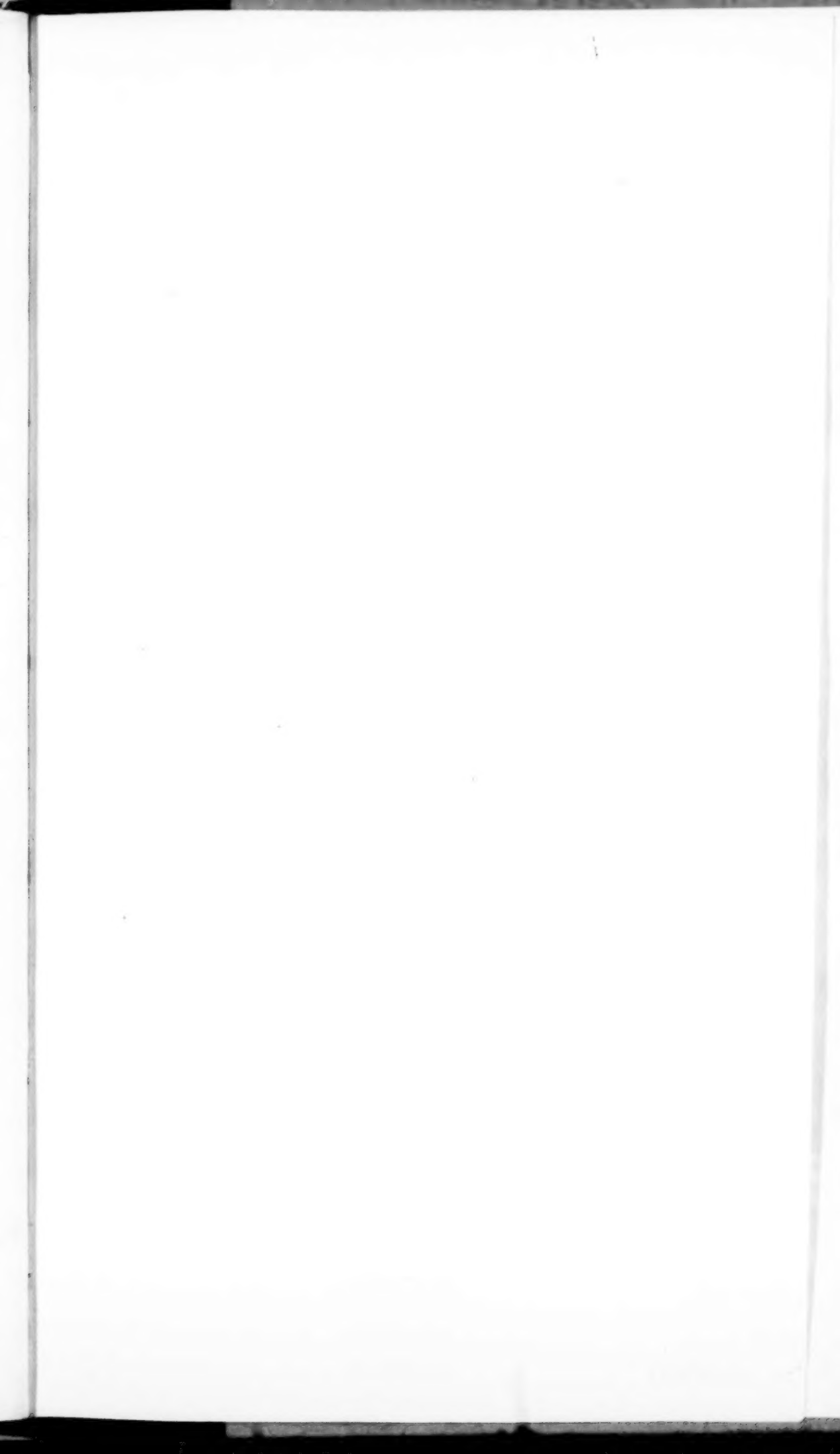


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